CRIME TERROR

10¢

FIGHT AGAINST CRIME

JULY NO. 20

HORROR AND TERROR

Supermouse
STARTLING COMICS
JETTA
MYSTERY COMICS
FANTASTIC TALES
COSMO CAT
STARTLING COMICS
STRANGE MYSTERIES
DARING ADVENTURES
STARTLING COMICS
MYSTERY Tales
EXCITING COMICS
Famous Funnies
STRANGE WORLDS
WEBCOMIC UNIVERSE.COM
JETTA
STARTLING COMICS
MYSTERY Tales
STARTLING COMICS
BARNYARD COMICS
EXCITING COMICS
EERIE
EXCITING COMICS
CASPER CAT
DARING ADVENTURES

MEDICAL TABLET DISCOVERY!

SAFE, NEW, EASY WAY!

STOPS "BED WETTING"

Without Electrical Devices . . . Rubber Sheets . . . Alarms . . .

Ends Shame, Discomfort, Inconvenience Almost Miraculously!

SIMPLE SAFE TABLET DOES IT

DRY-TABS is the same safe medical discovery that is prescribed by many doctors. Now, it is available for the first time without prescription to all the victims of BED-WETTING who long to rid themselves of this distressing habit once and for all. DRY-TABS is safe, not habit forming, contains no harmful drugs—Follow simple directions.

"DRY-TAB THERAPY" Eventually Allows BED-WETTING Victims to Function Normally Without Further Medication

DRY-TABS, in most cases, does not offer merely temporary stopping of BED-WETTING. In case after case, as revealed in clinical tests conducted in hospitals by medical scientists, the DRY-TABS formula proved itself to be a tablet that gives direct support to the patient in controlling his BED-WETTING. The benefits of the DRY-TABS formula may be expected to be effective beyond the period when it is taken regularly. It helps the BED-WETTING victim to retrain, tends to increase strength of sphincter and detrusor muscles controlling urination. Many cases have discontinued the use of DRY-TABS after a short time and found they were functioning normally. So BED-WETTING victims do not have to be slaves to any kind of medication if their case is of the type that responds to the re-training power of DRY-TABS. This is probably one of the greatest advancements ever made in BED-WETTING therapy. Yes, once DRY-TABS stops BED-WETTING, its use may no longer be required, normal functioning and control may be developed almost miraculously. So don't hesitate a minute longer. Order DRY-TABS Today!

DRY-TABS Amazing Formula Effective in 75% of Cases

CASE NO. 1. Healthy, intelligent boy, 9 years old. BED-WETTING since infancy. Child could not break habit. All other medication failed. DRY-TABS formula taken for two three-week periods. Child has remained well for the past three years.

CASE NO. 2. Normal boy, history of BED-WETTING since infancy. Child had no organic defect. Various cures failed. Put on DRY-TABS formula regime. After a month, habit suddenly stopped.

CASE NO. 3. Male, aged 23 years. BED-WETTING since birth. Many forms of treatment failed. Unable to accept invitation to sleep out over-night. Recently married, and embarrassed by habit. After formula taken, wet bed the first two nights but never since that time.

CASE NO. 4. Girl, aged 6 years. Wet bed since infancy. Nervous, irritable. DRY-TABS formula administered for regular period. BED-WETTING stopped almost immediately. Slight relapse. Formula administered again. Child responded immediately once more, and history reveals no further relapse.

CASE NO. 5. Man, 42 years old, wet "heavily." Medication started. Wet during second week and continued to wet when medication was withdrawn for following week. Restarted after rest period, and after five-day treatment seemed to retain control of bladder function.

CASE NO. 6. Woman, 76 years old. DRY-TABS formula administered for 6 days. Improvement, upon withdrawal of medication, improvement remained. Continued gradual return of control. One year without formula and control is adequate.

DEVELOPED AFTER YEARS OF EXTENSIVE HOSPITAL AND CLINICAL RESEARCH AS REVEALED IN MEDICAL LITERATURE

WHY endure the needless shame, embarrassment, humiliation . . . the discomfort and distress of this unfortunate habit? Why put up with the daily nuisance of changing and washing bed linen and clothes? Why suffer the mortification of foul smelling bedrooms . . . the expense of ruined furniture . . . the danger of catching cold and infectious rashes?

Doctors agree that BED-WETTING can cause nervousness, stuttering and emotional disturbances in children, very often seriously affecting their future and character, making them "psychological cripples."

But now the disgrace and danger of BED-WETTING can very easily be a thing of the past with amazing new DRY-TABS. At last, medical science has discovered a safe, new, easy way to stop BED-WETTING without electrical devices . . . without rubber sheets, alarms or special diets and without interrupting needed sleep. DRY-TABS, in easy-to-take tablet form, does away with BED-WETTING as painlessly, easily and simply as swallowing an aspirin. Yes, almost miraculously, amazing, safe DRY-TABS, used as directed, help stop functional BED-WETTING . . . relieve tension and strain, often the underlying cause in most cases of this unfortunate habit. Now, for the first time, safe DRY-TABS can be obtained without prescription.

The discoveries of science, many times, are brought about by indirect means. Take the case of the exclusive DRY-TABS formula. Medical practitioners chanced upon this formula while they were investigating a remedy for another illness. Noting the remarkable effect that this formula had upon BED-WETTING they concentrated their efforts on this new data and developed the formula to its present state of perfection. The result is the new DRY-TABS, a remarkable tablet that has brought new hope to thousands of tormented victims of BED-WETTING. Before this formula was released to the public, it was tested in clinics and hospitals by medical scientists on controlled groups of patients. The DRY-TABS formula is the result of thorough medical research, the same kind of research and care that is given to any product that is to be placed in the hands of the public. Chalk up BED-WETTING as one more ailment that has been conquered by the men of science. Think of it, no expensive electrical devices, cumbersome rubber sheets, special diets or mechanical alarms. Just a wonderful new tablet . . . DRY-TABS . . . product of medical research . . . offering the hope of a new future for all these sufferers of BED-WETTING. Be sure to order DRY-TABS today!

ADULTS: START LIVING A NORMAL LIFE TONIGHT!

Scientific tests actually prove DRY-TABS to be 75% effective in stopping this unfortunate habit—even after years of torment! Ends the constant worry of overnight hotel stops and fear of public embarrassment while napping on trains and buses. Don't wait another day. If your loved ones suffer the humiliation, the disgrace, insecurity and helplessness only BED-WETTING can cause, order DRY-TABS NOW! Easy to take, can be dissolved in water if necessary. Just follow simple directions.

MAKE THIS HOME TEST: Here is your guarantee of satisfaction. Try DRY-TABS for the prescribed period. If you are not completely overjoyed with DRY-TABS' amazing ability to help stop BED-WETTING, your purchase price will be refunded. Accept this no-risk offer. Order DRY-TABS now!

SEND NO MONEY: Just name and address for generous 3-week supply. On arrival pay postman only $3.00 per package plus C.O.D. charges on guarantee of complete satisfaction or money back.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

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7508 Saginaw Avenue, Chicago 49, Illinois

Please send me 3-week supply of DRY-TABS on guarantee BED-WETTING must be stopped or money back.

- ☐ Send C.O.D., I will pay postman $3.00 per package plus postage.
- ☐ Cash enclosed, we pay all postage.
- ☐ Send 2 packages (6-week supply) for $5.50.

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(Printed in the United States of America)

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SMOKED-OUT

RALPH MARLOW SAT HUNCHED GRIMLY OVER HIS LARGE EXECUTIVE DESK. HIS FISTS WERE CLENCHED TIGHTLY AND HEAVY BEADS OF PERSPIRATION RAN DOWN HIS FACE. HE WAS HAVING A DAY DREAM: A DAY DREAM OF MURDER! HIS LIPS CURVED INTO A NARROW SMILE AS HE IMAGINED GRABBING HIS WIFE'S LOVELY WHITE NECK WITH HIS STRONG POWERFUL HANDS. . . IMAGINED HER TERRIFIED SCREAMS, IMAGINED HER ANGUISHED PLEAS FOR MERCY. RALPH'S EYES GREW WILD WITH HATRED AS HE THOUGHT OF SQUEEZING HER NECK; SQUEEZING AND SQUEEZING UNTIL HE'D STRANGLED HER TO DEATH!

HIS DAY DREAM OVER, RALPH SLUMPED OVER ON THE DESK, EXHAUSTED. THE FANTASY HAD RELIEVED SOME OF THE BITTERNESS THAT FILLED EVERY FIBRE OF HIS BEING AND FOR A MOMENT HE FORGOT HIS BURNING HATRED

YES, RALPH HAD LOVED EVA: LOVED HER SOFT SKIN, HER QUICK BUBBLING LAUGHTER, HER EXQUISITELY FORMED BODY! BUT HIS LOVE WAS DEAD NOW. IT HAD DIED OVER A MONTH AGO WHEN HE LEARNED HIS WIFE WAS ...

THE DISILLUSIONED HUSBAND SLAMMED HIS HAT ON HIS HEAD AND LEFT THE OFFICE. TONIGHT WAS HER LAST CHANCE! IF SHE WENT TO *THAT* MAN'S HOUSE JUST ONCE MORE, RALPH WAS GOING TO KILL HER ...

SHE THINKS I'M WORKING LATE! SHE DOESN'T SUSPECT I KNOW *ALL* ABOUT HER *CHEAP* RENDEZVOUS WITH *HIM!*

HE STOPPED WALKING BEFORE A NEAT BRICK HOUSE ON A QUIET RESIDENTIAL STREET. THIS WAS THE HOUSE WHERE EVA CAME ON THE NIGHTS WHEN SHE THOUGHT RALPH WAS AT THE OFFICE! HE HID IN THE SHADOWS BEHIND A TREE AND PRAYED THAT SHE WOULDN'T COME ...

PLEASE, EVA, STAY *HOME* WHERE YOU *BELONG!*

BUT EVEN AS RALPH MUTTERED HIS DESPERATE HOPE HE HEARD THE CLICKING OF HIGH HEELS ON THE PAVEMENT ... THEY WERE FAMILIAR FOOTSTEPS ... THEY WERE EVA'S FOOTSTEPS!

SHE *DID* COME! THIS IS THE *TENTH* TIME IN *LESS* THAN A MONTH! *DIRTY SCHEMING CHEAT!*

AND AS HE HAD DONE ON THE NINE OTHER OCCASIONS RALPH WATCHED HIS WIFE ENTER THE HOUSE AND WALK INTO THE LIVING ROOM WHERE SHE WAS GREETED BY A SUAVE WELL-DRESSED MAN IN HIS EARLY FORTIES ...

EVA, MY DEAR, I'M SO *GLAD* YOU COULD MAKE IT TONIGHT! WE'VE GOT A *LOT* TO TALK ABOUT!

IT WAS *EASY* TO GET AWAY! RALPH'S WORKING *LATE* AGAIN!

RALPH'S BREATH CAME IN QUICK PANTS OF LOATHING AND HATE! FROM HIS HIDING PLACE UNDER THE WINDOW HE COULD HEAR AN OCCASIONAL PHRASE OR WORD... AND EACH SENTENCE BROUGHT HIS FURY NEARER THE BREAKING POINT ...

... BUT, EVA, WE *CAN'T* WAIT MUCH *LONGER!* IF YOU DON'T WANT TO TELL HIM *ALONE*, I'LL HELP YOU!

NO, ARTHUR, *NOT YET!* I DON'T WANT RALPH TO *KNOW* YET!

AND THEN, AS HE HAD DONE ON THE OTHER NIGHTS, THE MAN CALLED ARTHUR WALKED TO THE WINDOW AND PULLED DOWN THE SHADE ...

WELL, HE'S *YOUR* HUSBAND, MY DEAR! THE *DECISION* IS UP TO *YOU!* NOW, BE AN *ANGEL* AND TURN OFF THAT *LIGHT!*

THE LIGHTS FLICKED OFF AND THERE WAS SILENCE IN THE BRICK HOUSE AS RALPH TURNED SLOWLY AND WALKED AWAY! IT WAS AT THIS POINT THAT HE ALWAYS LEFT ... A MAN CAN STAND JUST SO MUCH AND NO MORE ...

THEY'RE IN THERE *NOW*, IN THE DARK, *LAUGHING ... KISSING!*

YES, IN HIS TORTURED MIND RALPH COULD PICTURE THE SCENE WITHIN THE LIVING ROOM PERFECTLY: EVA, LOVELY, DESIRABLE, IN THE ARMS OF THE MAN KNOWN AS ARTHUR ...

HA HA! *POOR STUPID RALPH!* HE'S SUCH A *FOOL!* HE TRUSTS ME *IMPLICITY!*

YES, *HA HA!* HE'S PROBABLY THINKING YOU'RE HOME *DARNING* HIS *SOCKS!*

RALPH IMAGINES HOW THEY SNEER AT HIM, RIDICULE HIM ..AND HOW THEY KISSED ...AND KISSED ...

DARLING, DARLING!

EVA ...

YES, IT WAS MORE THAN A MAN COULD STAND AND AFTER HOURS OF STROLLING THROUGH THE QUIET STREETS, RALPH'S MIND WAS MADE UP: HE WOULD KILL HER! SHE WAS HOME WHEN HE GOT THERE ...

DARLING, YOU'RE SO *LATE!* I THOUGHT YOU'D *NEVER* GET HOME!

I HAD MORE WORK THAN I THOUGHT!

HE SANK DOWN WEARILY ON THE BED AND WATCHED HER AS SHE BRUSHED HER LONG SILKY HAIR! FOR A MOMENT HE RECALLED HOW IT HAD BEEN BEFORE SHE STARTED SNEAKING OFF TO SEE ARTHUR: HOW SHE HAD LOVED HIM, KISSED HIM AND ... BUT THEN RALPH REMEMBERED THE IMAGE OF HER IN ANOTHER MAN'S ARMS AND HIS BRAIN WAS SWEPT WITH RAGE ...

CHEAT! *CHEAT!* *CHEAT!*

FOR A MOMENT HE JUST SAT THERE, ENJOYING THE PLEASURE OF ENVISIONING HOW HE WOULD KILL HER: FIRST HE'D WALK OVER TO HER DRESSING TABLE AND PUT HIS HANDS ON HER SHOULDERS.

YOU'RE A *BEAUTIFUL* WOMAN, EVA!

WHY, THANK YOU, RALPH! YOU'RE SWEET.

AND THEN HE IMAGINED HOW HE'D TIGHTEN THE GRIP ON HER SHOULDERS AND GRADUALLY PULL HER TO HER FEET...

RALPH, DON'T! I'M *TIRED*... I WAN'T TO GO TO *BED!*

TCH, TCH, TCH! THAT'S *TOO BAD*, EVA, BECAUSE YOU'RE *NOT* GOING TO BED!

RALPH SMILED AS HE PICTURED EVA GETTING ANGRY AND PROTESTING, PERHAPS EVEN TRYING TO BREAK AWAY FROM HIM...

STOP IT, RALPH! LET GO OF ME... YOU'RE *HURTING* MY SHOULDERS!

THAT ISN'T *ALL* I'M GOING TO HURT, MY DEAR WIFE!

AND THEN IN HIS VISION, RALPH SAW THE FIRST LOOK OF FEAR CROSS EVA'S FACE AS HIS HANDS REACHED UP AND GRASPED HER THROAT.

Y-YOU'VE GONE *CRAZY*, RALPH! IF THIS IS A *JOKE* I *DON'T* THINK IT'S FUNNY! TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF MY *THROAT!*

SORRY, HONEY, BUT I'VE GOT *OTHER* IDEAS! *I'M GOING TO KILL YOU, EVA!* YOU SEE... I KNOW *ALL* ABOUT *ARTHUR!*

HE IMAGINED HOW SHE WOULD PALE AT ARTHUR'S NAME: HOW SHE WOULD GROW MORE AND MORE TERRIFIED AND HOW SHE WOULD TRY TO LIE HERSELF CLEAR AS HIS FINGERS TIGHTENED . . .

NO, RALPH! Y-YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! T-THERE'S NOTHING BETWEEN ME AND ARTHUR! IT'S YOU I LOVE, YOU I... (CHOKE)... *ADORE! RALPH.....*

IT'S *TOO LATE*, EVA! A *MONTH* TOO LATE!

AND THEN AS HER SCREAMS ECHOED THROUGH THE HOUSE HE WOULD SLOWLY, AS PAINFULLY AS POSSIBLE, WRENCH THE LIFE FROM HER BODY!! HE WANTED HER TO SUFFER . . .

RALPH, (CHOKE) *NO...NO...* (CHOKE) I—I'M...DYING... (CHOKE) I. . .

YES, EVA, YOU'RE DYING.. DYING ...*DEAD!*

BUT AS THE VISION REACHED ITS CLIMAX, RALPH REALIZED THAT HIS PLAN WAS IDIOTIC...CRAZY! IT WAS THE PLAN OF A MADMAN! HE GOT UP FROM THE RUMPLED BED AND WALKED INTO THE BATHROOM, SLAMMING THE DOOR WITH FRUSTRATED ANGER . . .

I WOULDN'T STAND A *CHANCE!* THEY'D KNOW I DID IT! I'D SPEND THE *REST OF MY LIFE IN JAIL*... OR GO TO THE *ELECTRIC CHAIR!*

WHEN HIS ANGER PASSED THE WOULD-BE KILLER CONGRATULATED HIMSELF FOR HAVING BEEN SMART ENOUGH TO STOP BEFORE HE MADE A BAD MISTAKE! IT HAD BEEN A CLOSE CALL...

WHEW! THANK HEAVEN I DIDN'T GO *THROUGH* WITH IT! BUT NOW I'VE GOT TO THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE . . .

AND THINK HE DID! FOR THREE DAYS AND NIGHTS HE THOUGHT OF NOTHING ELSE... AND ON THE THIRD NIGHT THE IDEA CAME TO HIM...

THAT'S IT! IT'S PERFECT! *ABSOLUTELY PERFECT!*

HE STARTED THE WHEELS IN MOTION ON THE NEXT DAY AT THE NEWTON CIGAR STORE . . .

'EVENING, MR. NEWTON. WIFE SAID TO PICK UP A *CARTON* OF *OLD SILVERS* FOR HER.

SURE THING, MR. MARLOW! COMIN' UP!

AND A WEEK LATER HE RETURNED TO THE STORE...
NASTY NIGHT, EH, MR. NEWTON! I'LL HAVE A CARTON OF OLD SILVERS FOR MRS. MARLOW!
RIGHT! BUT BETTER LET ME WRAP THEM FOR YOU. IT'S DARN WET OUT THERE!
BY THE THIRD WEEK JASPER NEWTON, OWNER OF THE CIGAR STORE, DID JUST WHAT RALPH WANTED: HE COMMENTED ON HOW MUCH EVA SMOKED...
GOLLY, THAT WIFE OF YOURS SURE SMOKES A LOT, MR. MARLOW!
A LOT TOO MUCH IF YOU ASK ME! I KEEP TELLING HER SHE'S GOING TO SMOKE HERSELF TO DEATH BUT SHE WON'T LISTEN! SHE EVEN SMOKES IN BED!
RALPH WAS A PATIENT MAN AND FOR TWO MORE WEEKS HE CONTINUED TO BUY CIGARETTES FROM OLD MAN NEWTON! DURING THIS TIME HE WENT OVER THE DETAILS OF HIS PLAN AGAIN AND AGAIN...
EVA HAS SMOKED FOR YEARS! EVERYONE WHO KNOWS HER KNOWS THAT! BUT SEEING NEWTON IS ADDED PROTECTION... HE CAN TESTIFY TO HOW MUCH SHE SMOKES!
HE GAVE HER THE FIRST TWO CARTONS OF OLD SILVERS JUST SO HE COULD LAUGH WHEN HE WATCHED HER SMOKE THEM...BUT TO HIS IRRITATION SHE PUT THEM IN A DRAWER AND DIDN'T OPEN ONE PACKAGE...
THANK YOU, RALPH! YOU'RE SO THOUGHTFUL, DEAR!
WHY ISN'T SHE SMOKING THEM?
MAYBE ARTHUR DOESN'T LIKE WOMEN WHO SMOKE! I ASKED HER TO STOP WHEN WE WERE FIRST MARRIED, BUT SHE WOULDN'T! WELL, IF SHE STOPPED FOR HIM, MY PLAN ADDS JUST THE RIGHT TOUCH OF IRONY!
HE BURNED THE LAST TWO CARTONS IN THE FURNACE AND EXACTLY ONE MONTH AFTER THE IDEA HAD COME TO HIM, RALPH WAS READY FOR ACTION...
YOU SIT STILL HONEY! I'LL GET THE COFFEE AND DESERT!
YOU MAKE ME FEEL LIKE A QUEEN, DEAR!
EVA COULDN'T SEE HIM AS HE SLIPPED THE TWO WHITE PELLETS FROM HIS POCKET INTO HER CUP...
THOSE WILL DO IT! WITHIN AN HOUR SHE'LL BE OUT LIKE A LIGHT! GOOD THING I HAD THESE PILLS LEFT FROM THE BATCH DOC GREENE GAVE ME A YEAR AGO!
5

EVA DRANK HER COFFEE AND AS RALPH HAD FIGURED, SHE PASSED OUT WITHIN AN HOUR. HE PICKED HER UP AND CARRIED HER UP THE STAIRS TO THEIR BEDROOM...

NOW, THE *FIRST* THING TO DO IS GET HER INTO HER *NIGHTGOWN* AND *BATHROBE!*

RALPH MOVED QUICKLY AND AFTER HE'D DRESSED HIS WIFE IN A NIGHTGOWN AND ROBE, HE PROPPED HER UP IN BED. HE PLACED A BOOK IN HER LAP AND AN ASHTRAY ON THE NIGHTSTAND NEXT TO HER BED. THEN, HE PUT A CIGARETTE IN HIS MOUTH...

COMFORTABLE, DEAR? WHAT'D YOU SAY? OH, YOU'D LIKE A *CIGARETTE?* COMING UP, MY SWEET!

HE PUFFED ON THE *OLD SILVER* UNTIL IT HAD A RED HOT ASH... AND THEN HE LAID IT ON THE BLANKET RIGHT NEXT TO EVA'S ARM...

TCH, TCH, TCH, WHY, EVA, HAVEN'T I *WARNED* YOU ABOUT *SMOKING IN BED?* YOU'RE LIABLE TO *KILL* YOURSELF, HONEY! NOW LOOK AT THAT.. *YOU'VE DROPPED YOUR CIGARETTE ON THE BED!*

AS HE STOOD IN THE DOORWAY OF THE BEDROOM WATCHING THE SMOULDERING ASH CATCH FIRE TO THE WOOL BLANKET, HE CONTINUED TO TALK TO THE UNCONSCIOUS FIGURE OF HIS WIFE...

I HATE TO LEAVE YOU AT A TIME LIKE *THIS*, DEAR... BUT I'M AFRAID I HAVE SOME *WORK* TO DO AT THE *OFFICE!* GOOD-BYE, EVA! *GOOD-BYE YOU DIRTY CHEAT!*

RALPH SLIPPED OUT THE BACK DOOR AND MADE HIS WAY ALONG ALLEYS UNTIL HE REACHED HIS OFFICE BUILDING. IT WAS FORTY-FIVE MINUTES BEFORE THE CALL CAME...

MR. MARLOW, THIS IS THE FIRE DEPARTMENT! YOUR HOUSE IS ON FIRE! YOU BETTER GET HERE QUICK!

M-MY HOUSE IS ON FIRE? I'LL BE THERE RIGHT AWAY!

WHEN HE GOT THERE THE HOUSE WAS A BLAZING INFERNO: THE HUNGRY FLAMES ATE AT THE ROOF AND BILLOWED UP WITH A ROAR TOWARD THE SKY...

OFFICER, HELP ME! I'M MISTER MARLOW... THAT'S MY HOUSE! HELP ME FIND MY WIFE! WHERE'S MY WIFE...!

RALPH PLAYED HIS PART WELL AND WHEN THE FIRE CHIEF TOLD HIM THE "SAD" NEWS HE BROKE DOWN AND SOBBED...

DEAD! NO... S-SHE CAN'T BE DEAD! I-I JUST LEFT HER AN HOUR AGO! SHE WAS IN BED... SHE...

YOUR WIFE FELL ASLEEP WITH A LIGHTED CIGARETTE IN HER HAND, MR. MARLOW! WE FOUND THE MATTRESS--THAT'S WHERE THE FIRE *STARTED!*

AN INQUEST WAS HELD A WEEK LATER, BUT IT WAS ONLY A FORMALITY. THE WITNESSES' TESTIMONY CLEARED RALPH OF ANY SUSPICION...
... SMOKED LIKE A FIEND! OVER A CARTON A WEEK!
I KNEW EVA MARLOW FOR TWELVE YEARS AND SHE ALWAYS SMOKED!
...MUST HAVE FALLEN ASLEEP WITH IT IN HER HAND!

RALPH KEPT HIS DIGNIFIED AND MOURNFUL FACE AS HE WALKED OUT OF THE COURTROOM... UNTIL HE SAW THE FAMILAR FIGURE STANDING IN FRONT OF HIM...
ARTHUR! WHAT TH...
THERE HE IS, OFFICER! ARREST HIM! HE KILLED HIS WIFE!

ALMOST BEFORE RALPH REALIZED WHAT WAS HAPPENING HE WAS IN AN OFFICE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS SURROUNDED BY THREE DETECTIVES AND ARTHUR...
THIS IS INSANE! EVA DIED BECAUSE SHE DROPPED A CIGARETTE IN...
THAT'S A LIE, MARLOW! YOUR WIFE STOPPED SMOKING TWO MONTHS AGO AT MY ORDER!

RALPH'S HATRED FOR ARTHUR WELLED UP LIKE A RAGING TORRENT AND WITH A MURDEROUS SNARL HE FLUNG HIMSELF AT THE MAN WHO HAD CAUSED ALL THE TROUBLE...
ALL RIGHT, I DID KILL HER! BUT IT WAS YOUR FAULT! YOU AND EVA THOUGHT YOU WERE GETTING AWAY WITH IT... BUT I KNEW! ALL THOSE NIGHTS WHEN SHE WENT TO YOUR HOUSE... AND YOU KISSED HER AND...

TAKE IT EASY, MARLOW!
KISSED HER? ARE YOU CRAZY? I WAS HER DOCTOR!

H-HER DOCTOR? BUT... BUT...
MR. MARLOW, YOUR WIFE HAD CANCER OF THE LUNG! THAT'S WHY SHE HAD TO STOP SMOKING! SHE WAS COMING TO ME FOR X-RAY TREATMENT!

RALPH STARED AT DR. ARTHUR WEBB WITH HORROR AND DISBELIEF EVA HAD CANCER; WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT SHE WAS RECEIVING X-RAY! HE SLUMPED FORWARD IN HIS CHAIR... AND THIS TIME THE SOBS WERE REAL!
YOUR WIFE HAD LESS THAN A YEAR TO LIVE, MARLOW! I THOUGHT SHE SHOULD TELL YOU, BUT SHE DIDN'T WANT YOU TO WORRY! THAT'S WHY SHE CAME TO ME IN SECRET! EVA LOVED YOU VERY MUCH!
EVA ...
(SOB) EVA ...
C'MON, BUDDY, LET'S GO!
THE END

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In a few minutes you can set up your outfit on your own window-sill, porch, or tree. Birds will flock to your feeding station, take baths in your bird bath and sing and chirp to your record or your own bird calls. Soon, too, some birds will make their home in your bird house, lay their eggs and start to raise a family. All your friends will envy your wonderful new pets, and your ability to imitate their calls. Parents and teacher will be amazed at how children know and learn to do so many new things.

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☐ Rush me my complete Bird House, Care Station, Bird Book, Bird Food, Record and Caller for only $1.69. If I am not 100% delighted, I may return the outfit after 10 days free trial, for prompt refund of the full purchase price.

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"With God . . .

all things are possible!"

Are you facing difficult *Problems? Poor Health? Money* or *Job Troubles? Love* or *Family Troubles?* Are you *Worried* about someone dear to you? Is some one dear to you *Drinking* too Much? Do you ever get *Lonely — Unhappy — Discouraged?* Would you like to have more *Happiness, Success* and *"Good Fortune"* in *Life?*

If you do have any of these *Problems,* or others like them, dear friend, then here is wonderful *NEWS — NEWS* of a remarkable *NEW WAY of PRAYER* that is helping thousands of other men and women to glorious *NEW* happiness and joy! Whether you have always believed in *PRAYER* or not, this remarkable *NEW WAY* may bring a whole *NEW* world of happiness and joy to you—and very, very quickly too!

So don't wait, dear friend. Don't let another minute go by! If you are troubled, worried or unhappy *IN ANY WAY* — we invite you to clip this *Message* now and mail with 6c in stamps so we can rush *FULL INFORMATION* to you by *AIR MAIL* about this remarkable *NEW WAY of PRAYER* that is helping so many others and may just as certainly and quickly help *YOU!*

You will surely bless this day—so please don't delay! Just clip this *Message* now and mail with your name, address and 6c in stamps to *LIFE-STUDY FELLOWSHIP, Box 2204, Noroton, Conn.* We will rush this wonderful *NEW Message of PRAYER and FAITH* to you by *AIR MAIL.*

DOUBLE TROUBLE

THE EMPTY GARAGE ECHOES WITH HIS TERRIFIED SCREAMS AS LEONARD HARVEY STRUGGLES TO FREE HIMSELF FROM THE ROPES WHICH BIND HIM! BUT THE STRUGGLE IS FUTILE AND DEATH COMES CLOSER... CLOSER...CLOSER! EVEN BEFORE HE'S STRUCK LEONARD SUFFERS THE AGONY OF PAIN WHICH IS IMMINENT: HE CAN FEEL HIS RIBS CRACKING, FEEL THE BREATH BEING CRUSHED OUT OF HIM! HIS EYES BULGE WITH TERROR AND THE VEINS IN HIS FOREHEAD SWELL WITH THE PRESSURE OF HYSTERICAL FEAR. HE PLEADS FOR HIS FREEDOM IN WILD SHRIEKS BUT HIS CAPTORS LAUGH AND DEATH IS ONLY SECONDS AWAY! YES, LEONARD HARVEY IS GOING TO DIE!

NO...NO! P-PLEASE HAVE PITY, PLEASE! Y-YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! DON'T KILL...NO....NO!

BUT BEFORE WITNESSING LEONARD HARVEY'S **DEATH**, LET'S FIND OUT ABOUT HIS **LIFE**! TWO YEARS AGO HE WAS A HAPPY MAN: AT FIFTY HE WAS THE OWNER OF A FLEET OF TWENTY TRUCKS...AND THE POSSESSOR OF A GORGEOUS WIFE...

HAVE A GOOD DAY, DARLING!

YOU TOO, SWEETHEART! I'LL BE HOME ABOUT FIVE!

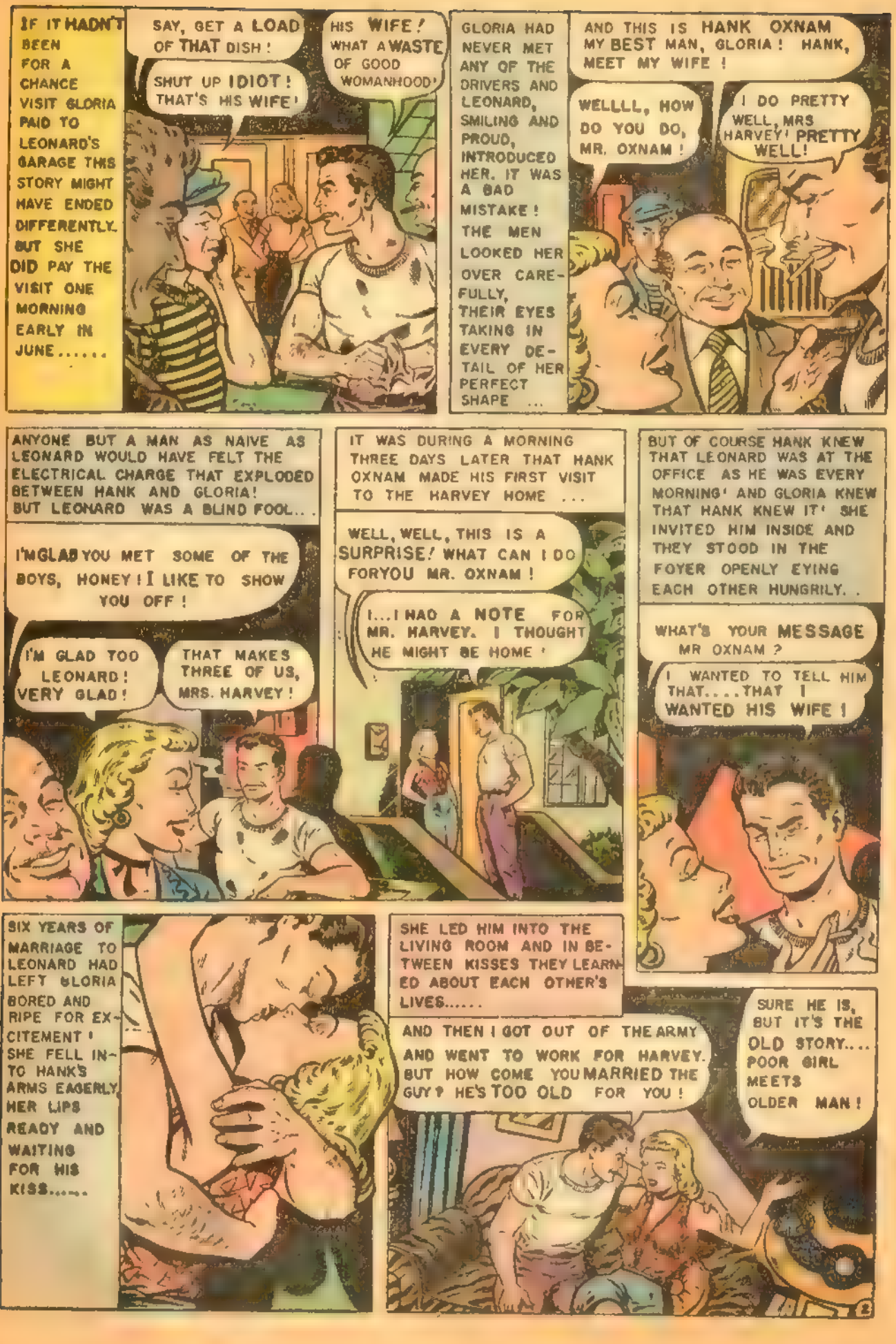
HARVEY

HARVEY TRUCKS

GLORIA HARVEY WAS TWENTY-FOUR YEARS YOUNGER THAN HER HUSBAND; THEIR RELATIONSHIP TWO YEARS AGO WAS NOT AN UNPLEASANT ONE. LEONARD ADORED HER...AND SHE TOLERATED HIM FOR HIS MONEY. ON THE WHOLE THEY GOT ALONG VERY WELL...

I SAW THIS **NECKLACE** DOWNTOWN TODAY. THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE IT, HONEY!

YOU HAVE **EXQUISITE** TASTE LEONARD... **AND** YOU'RE **VERY** THOUGHTFUL! I **ADORE** THE NECKLACE!


IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR A CHANCE VISIT GLORIA PAID TO LEONARD'S GARAGE THIS STORY MIGHT HAVE ENDED DIFFERENTLY. BUT SHE DID PAY THE VISIT ONE MORNING EARLY IN JUNE.....
SAY, GET A LOAD OF THAT DISH!
SHUT UP IDIOT! THAT'S HIS WIFE!
HIS WIFE! WHAT A WASTE OF GOOD WOMANHOOD!
GLORIA HAD NEVER MET ANY OF THE DRIVERS AND LEONARD, SMILING AND PROUD, INTRODUCED HER. IT WAS A BAD MISTAKE! THE MEN LOOKED HER OVER CAREFULLY, THEIR EYES TAKING IN EVERY DETAIL OF HER PERFECT SHAPE ...
AND THIS IS HANK OXNAM MY BEST MAN, GLORIA! HANK, MEET MY WIFE!
WELLLL, HOW DO YOU DO, MR. OXNAM!
I DO PRETTY WELL, MRS HARVEY! PRETTY WELL!
ANYONE BUT A MAN AS NAIVE AS LEONARD WOULD HAVE FELT THE ELECTRICAL CHARGE THAT EXPLODED BETWEEN HANK AND GLORIA! BUT LEONARD WAS A BLIND FOOL...
I'M GLAD YOU MET SOME OF THE BOYS, HONEY! I LIKE TO SHOW YOU OFF!
I'M GLAD TOO LEONARD! VERY GLAD!
THAT MAKES THREE OF US, MRS. HARVEY!
IT WAS DURING A MORNING THREE DAYS LATER THAT HANK OXNAM MADE HIS FIRST VISIT TO THE HARVEY HOME ...
WELL, WELL, THIS IS A SURPRISE! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU MR. OXNAM!
I...I HAD A NOTE FOR MR. HARVEY. I THOUGHT HE MIGHT BE HOME!
BUT OF COURSE HANK KNEW THAT LEONARD WAS AT THE OFFICE AS HE WAS EVERY MORNING! AND GLORIA KNEW THAT HANK KNEW IT! SHE INVITED HIM INSIDE AND THEY STOOD IN THE FOYER OPENLY EYING EACH OTHER HUNGRILY..
WHAT'S YOUR MESSAGE MR OXNAM?
I WANTED TO TELL HIM THAT....THAT I WANTED HIS WIFE!
SIX YEARS OF MARRIAGE TO LEONARD HAD LEFT GLORIA BORED AND RIPE FOR EXCITEMENT! SHE FELL INTO HANK'S ARMS EAGERLY, HER LIPS READY AND WAITING FOR HIS KISS.....
SHE LED HIM INTO THE LIVING ROOM AND IN BETWEEN KISSES THEY LEARNED ABOUT EACH OTHER'S LIVES.....
AND THEN I GOT OUT OF THE ARMY AND WENT TO WORK FOR HARVEY. BUT HOW COME YOU MARRIED THE GUY? HE'S TOO OLD FOR YOU!
SURE HE IS, BUT IT'S THE OLD STORY.... POOR GIRL MEETS OLDER MAN!

AND SO THEIR RELATIONSHIP BEGAN AND CONTINUED FOR TWO YEARS! HANK DROVE HIS TRUCK AT NIGHT AND SAW GLORIA DURING THE DAY! AS TIME PASSED THEY FELL MORE AND MORE IN LOVE AND DESPERATE ..

I'M SICK OF IT, GLORIA! SICK OF SNEAKING AROUND, SICK OF TELLING LIES! WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER!

SURE, HONEY, SURE. BUT WHAT?

THEY'D SAID THESE WORDS DOZENS OF TIMES BEFORE, NEVER REACHING A SOLUTION BUT THIS TIME HANK HAD AN ANSWER!

I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT IT FOR MONTHS...AND THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY! WE'VE GOT TO KILL HIM!

KILL HIM? NOW WAIT A MINUTE, HANK, I LOVE YOU BUT THERE'S A LIMIT TO HOW FAR

BUT AS SHE LISTENED TO HIS PLAN SHE HAD TO AGREE IT WAS GOOD!

AND THEN WE SAY IT WAS AN ACCIDENT AND COLLECT DOUBLE INDEMNITY! WHAT DO YOU THINK, HONEY?

FINE, HANK! YOU'RE RIGHT, IT DOES SOUND PERFECT!

THAT CONVERSATION AT THE BEACH WAS HELD A WEEK AGO! TONIGHT, AS USUAL, LEONARD RETURNED FROM THE OFFICE AT FIVE O'CLOCK, ATE AN EARLY DINNER WITH GLORIA AND PREPARED FOR A QUIET EVENING AT HOME .

OH BOY, I'M BEAT! TOUGH DAY TODAY! THIRTY LOADS OF. OH, BLAST, THAT DARN PHONE DOES NOTHING BUT RING!

GLORIA TENSED AS LEONARD PICKED UP THE RECEIVER IT WAS TIME, THE PLAN WAS BEGINNING

WHAT? OKAY, OKAY, I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN, HANK! KEEP EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL 'TIL I GET THERE!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, DARLING? SOMETHING WRONG?

GLORIA PLAYED HER ROLE WELL! HER VOICE HELD JUST THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF CURIOUSITY, JUST THE RIGHT TONE OF SYMPATHY

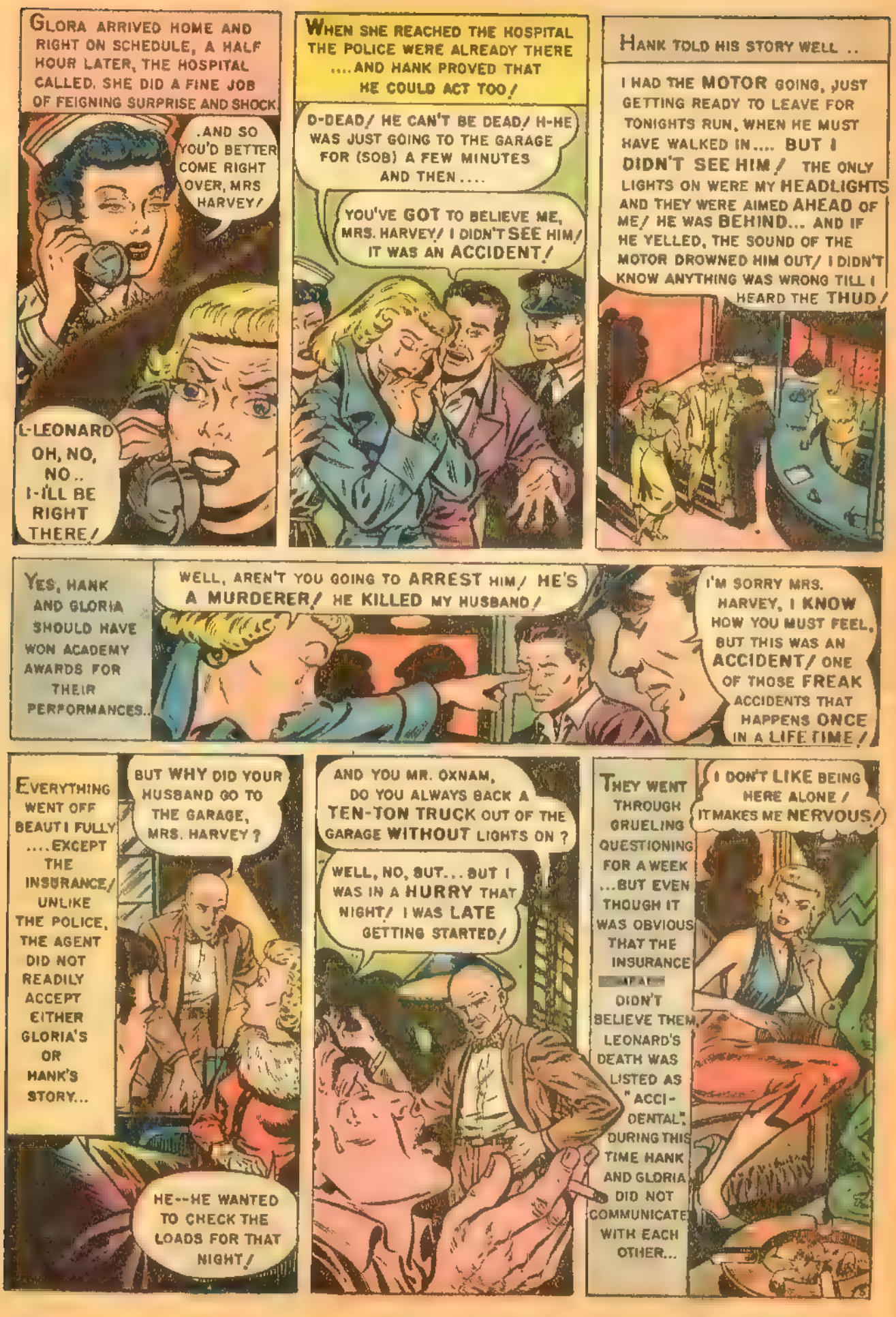
OH, SOMETHING HAYWIRE AT THE GARAGE THAT HANK OXNAM WAS ON THE PHONE! SAID I BETTER GET DOWN THERE!

I'M GOING WITH YOU! I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU ALL DAY AND I WANT TO BE WITH YOU!

DUSK WAS TURNING INTO NIGHTFALL AS LEONARD AND GLORIA ENTERED THE DARK GARAGE IN THE MOST DESERTED SECTION OF TOWN.

FOR PETE'S SAKE, THE LIGHTS ARE ON THE BLINK! HANK! HANK OXNAM! IT'S ME, THE BOSS! WHERE ARE YOU?

THEY STEPPED INTO THE PITCH BLACK DARKNESS AND SUDDENLY LEONARD HEARD HANK'S VOICE AHEAD OF HIM AND WAS STARTLED BY THE BEAM OF A BRILLIANT FLASHLIGHT IN HIS EYES...
NO NEED TO YELL, MR. HARVEY, I'M RIGHT HERE!
GET THAT LIGHT OUT OF MY EYES, MAN! YOU'RE BLINDING ME!
BUT HANK DIDN'T REMOVE THE BLAZING GLARE AND MORE SURPRISING STILL, LEONARD FELT THE COLD BUTT OF A GUN PRESSED INTO HIS BACK...
WHAT TH
SORRY, DARLING, BUT THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE! HANK AND I ARE GOING TO HAVE TO KILL YOU!
LEONARD COULDN'T BELIEVE HIS EARS! HE THOUGHT HE WAS GOING CRAZY AS HANK TOOK OUT THE HEAVY ROPE AND STRAPPED HIS ARMS ACROSS HIS CHEST AND TIED HIS LEGS TOGETHER..
G-GLORIA, WHAT IS ALL THIS? WHAT
IT'S REALLY VERY SIMPLE, STUPID! HANK AND I ARE IN LOVE AND WE'RE SICK OF WAITING FOR YOU TO DIE OF OLD AGE!
THEY PUSHED HIS TRUSSED-UP BODY AGAINST THE WALL AND AS HANK CLIMBED INTO THE CAB OF THE TEN-TON TRUCK, GLORIA LAUGHINGLY TOLD LEONARD WHAT WAS GOING TO HAPPEN.
HANK'S GOING TO BACK THE TRUCK INTO YOU, DARLING! OH, IT WON'T HURT MUCH...JUST FOR A MINUTE! AND THEN WE CAN SAY IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! UNDERSTAND?
GLORIA, YOU DON'T MEAN THIS, YOU
BUT GLORIA DID MEAN IT! THE ROAR OF THE HUGE ENGINE DROWNED OUT LEONARD'S SCREAMS! THE HEAVY GEARS SCREECHED AS THEY WERE SLAMMED INTO REVERSE! THE MASSIVE WEAPON OF DEATH MOVED CLOSER CLOSER CLOSER
GLORIA, NO S-STOP HIM... YOU CAN'T KILL ME LIKE THIS! PLEASE, P-PLEASE..
GLORIA GASPED WITH HORROR AS THE TRUCK MADE CONTACT WITH LEONARD'S BODY: SHE HADN'T REALIZED HOW SICKENING IT WOULD BE HOW THE SOUND OF BREAKING BONES WOULD ECHO THROUGH THE GARAGE, HOW THE BLOOD WOULD SPLURT FORWARD LIKE A GEYSER! NO SHE HADN'T REALIZED
AND THEN IT WAS OVER HANK REMOVED THE ROPES FROM THE CORPSE AND PLACED THE BROKEN BLEEDING BODY FACE DOWN ON THE GARAGE FLOOR
OKAY, YOU BEAT IT OUT OF HERE, HONEY! I'LL CALL THE HOSPITAL! AND REMEMBER...PUT ON A GOOD ACT WHEN THEY CALL YOU!
4


GLORA ARRIVED HOME AND RIGHT ON SCHEDULE, A HALF HOUR LATER, THE HOSPITAL CALLED. SHE DID A FINE JOB OF FEIGNING SURPRISE AND SHOCK.
..AND SO YOU'D BETTER COME RIGHT OVER, MRS HARVEY/
L-LEONARD OH, NO, NO.. I-I'LL BE RIGHT THERE/
WHEN SHE REACHED THE HOSPITAL THE POLICE WERE ALREADY THERE ....AND HANK PROVED THAT HE COULD ACT TOO/
D-DEAD/ HE CAN'T BE DEAD/ H-HE WAS JUST GOING TO THE GARAGE FOR (SOB) A FEW MINUTES AND THEN....
YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME, MRS. HARVEY/ I DIDN'T SEE HIM/ IT WAS AN ACCIDENT/
HANK TOLD HIS STORY WELL ..
I HAD THE MOTOR GOING, JUST GETTING READY TO LEAVE FOR TONIGHTS RUN, WHEN HE MUST HAVE WALKED IN.... BUT I DIDN'T SEE HIM/ THE ONLY LIGHTS ON WERE MY HEADLIGHTS AND THEY WERE AIMED AHEAD OF ME/ HE WAS BEHIND... AND IF HE YELLED, THE SOUND OF THE MOTOR DROWNED HIM OUT/ I DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING WAS WRONG TILL I HEARD THE THUD/
YES, HANK AND GLORIA SHOULD HAVE WON ACADEMY AWARDS FOR THEIR PERFORMANCES..
WELL, AREN'T YOU GOING TO ARREST HIM/ HE'S A MURDERER/ HE KILLED MY HUSBAND/
I'M SORRY MRS. HARVEY, I KNOW HOW YOU MUST FEEL, BUT THIS WAS AN ACCIDENT/ ONE OF THOSE FREAK ACCIDENTS THAT HAPPENS ONCE IN A LIFE TIME/
EVERYTHING WENT OFF BEAUTIFULLY ....EXCEPT THE INSURANCE/ UNLIKE THE POLICE, THE AGENT DID NOT READILY ACCEPT EITHER GLORIA'S OR HANK'S STORY...
BUT WHY DID YOUR HUSBAND GO TO THE GARAGE, MRS. HARVEY?
HE--HE WANTED TO CHECK THE LOADS FOR THAT NIGHT/
AND YOU MR. OXNAM, DO YOU ALWAYS BACK A TEN-TON TRUCK OUT OF THE GARAGE WITHOUT LIGHTS ON?
WELL, NO, BUT... BUT I WAS IN A HURRY THAT NIGHT/ I WAS LATE GETTING STARTED/
THEY WENT THROUGH GRUELING QUESTIONING FOR A WEEK ...BUT EVEN THOUGH IT WAS OBVIOUS THAT THE INSURANCE [redacted] DIDN'T BELIEVE THEM, LEONARD'S DEATH WAS LISTED AS "ACCIDENTAL", DURING THIS TIME HANK AND GLORIA DID NOT COMMUNICATE WITH EACH OTHER...
I DON'T LIKE BEING HERE ALONE / IT MAKES ME NERVOUS/

AND FINALLY HER NERVES GET THE BEST OF HER AND SHE DECIDED TO RISK SEEING HIM...

HE'S GOT THE MID-NIGHT RUN THIS WEEK/ MAYBE I CAN SEE HIM JUST FOR A SECOND BEFORE HE LEAVES/ IF I'M CARE-FUL NOBODY WILL SEE ME/

SHE PARKED HER CAR ON A DESERTED STREET NEAR THE GARAGE AND THEN MADE HER WAY THROUGH THE DARKNESS TOWARD THE TRUCK EXIT

IF HE COULD JUST KISS ME FOR A MINUTE AND HOLD ME/ I'M LONELY... AND SCARED/

CARE-FUL TRUCK EXIT

THE CAB OF THE TRUCK HIT HER HEAD ON, KNOCKING HER FRAGILE BODY HALFWAY ACROSS THE STREET/

SHE DIDN'T SEE THE TWO GLEAMING HEADLIGHTS OF THE TREMENDOUS TRUCK AS IT PULLED OUT OF THE GARAGE . . UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE/

WHA.

H-HEY, LADY

HANK LEAPED OUT OF THE TRUCK YELLING HYSTERICALLY: HE'D RECOGNIZED GLORIA AS THE BEAM OF HIS HEADLIGHTS CAUGHT HER TERRIFIED FEATURES IN THE DARKNESS/ HE CRADLED HER IN HIS ARMS, SPEAKING TO HER, PLEADING WITH HER NOT TO DIE.... BUT SHE WAS ALREADY DEAD...

GLORIA, HONEY, PLEASE, BABY. IT-IT WAS AN ACCIDENT/

BUT LIGHTNING SELDOM STRIKES TWICE IN THE SAME PLACE AND THIS TIME THE POLICE DIDN'T BELIEVE HIS STORY/ HANK WAS BEHIND HEAVY BARS BEFORE THE NIGHT ENDED...

I DIDN'T KILL HER/ I LOVED HER/ WE WERE GOING TO BE MARRIED/ THATS WHY WE KILLED HIM...

AND IN ATTEMPTING TO PROVE HIS INNOCENCE OF ONE CRIME, HE CONFESSED TO ANOTHER/ TCH, TCH, TCH .. POOR HANK/

THE END

Smart Cons Don't Talk

By ELLEN LYNN

COPS are smart. I never used to think so, but sitting here in the death cell, waiting for the chair, I think back and realize that in the end they outsmarted me. But for years I was too clever for them—and I was sitting pretty, too. I bossed a clever gang and with their guns and my brains got to be rich—and I was never caught, until now.

Some might say I shoulda been satisfied with what I had and not run the risk of a snatch. But I was sure I could get away with it. Besides, with the ransom I was sure to collect I could take it easy the rest of my life. Maybe just a coupla small jobs occasionally.

This kid I had in mind—he had a fancy name, Cedric Van Elson—was the only child of this multi-millionaire couple, who were not so young any more, so they were crazy about this "apple of their eye." Cedric was six years old and they had one of these foreign nurses to take care of him. I had cased the set-up myself and I saw her—an elderly little lady, who was mighty spry in getting around and playing with Cedric. In fact, she seemed crazy about him, too. It took me a half year to plan the thing, but I was an artist in my work, if I must say so myself. I had my boys play many parts to get inside the joint—different kinds of delivery boy at different times, and I even went myself. There was so many servants on this big estate, no one ever seemed to recognize me in my different roles. Except once, that nurse—her name was Miss Nelson—she stopped me on the grounds.

"Young man," she said, touching my arm, "what are you doing here?" She had sharp blue eyes. I didn't like her.

She was staring at me hard. "Haven't I seen you before?" she asked. "Why, no, ma'am," I said quickly. "I'm just a telephone inspector."

"Well, go along. I thought you were the carpenter who did some work here last month. I guess young men all look alike," she said.

I breathed with relief. What a dame to remember me from a month ago! I had gotten in as a carpenter, but I was there just a few hours. That nurse saw me just in passing, and I was kneeling on the floor. Imagine her remembering! My good luck that she passed it over!

The whole scheme was perfectly planned. It was partly luck, but I was counting on that and figured on holding out till I got a break. And I did.

I learned that Miss Nelson was going on a trip to Scotland for a coupla months. I had left the place right after she had stopped me on the stairs—I didn't want her to know my face—but the upstairs maid, Claire, had taken a quick fancy to me and I made a date with her for that evening. We got to know each other pretty well. She had fallen for me hard—and she wasn't hard to take, a pretty thing, and educated, too—went to high school and all that. I could see she'd be good material to work with, as long as I encouraged her. When she told me about Miss Nelson's going on this trip, I knew I had to act fast.

"Those Van Elsom's—they're a mighty rich family, aren't they?" I prompted Claire.

"Fabulous!" she answered, her arms clinging to my neck.

"Wouldn't mind having some of that dough, would ya?" I went on.

"Who would?" she spoke lightly, her eyes melting on me.

I pushed her away. "I'm serious, now, Claire."

She looked surprised and hurt—because I had never been rough with her before.

"What good is it—even if you are serious?" she answered. "People like us could never have lots of money."

"You're stupid," I said, but more gently. "I could have some of that dough easily."

That was the beginning. I gradually got Claire around to see the injustice of that middle-aged couple and a six-year-old boy having all those millions—and how easily we could have a small part of it—two hundred thousand. Why, they wouldn't even miss it, and they'd be glad to pay that much to get back their—boy!

Claire balked at that a while. But, as I knew, she finally gave in to the entire scheme and I told her the plan. If she made herself useful and agreeable to little Cedric in the weeks before Miss Nelson left, they'd probably give her the job of temporary nurse until Miss Nelson got back. The rest would be easy — I'd snatch Cedric, and Claire would give out the alarm that he'd been kidnapped.

Well, the plan worked on greased wheels. Claire got the job taking care of Cedric, Miss Nelson left for Scotland and one night, after Claire had put a sleeping pill in the kid's glass of milk, I got him and drove him to Benny at the hideout. Claire proved a good actress and she put on a fine act calling the police, in the middle of the night when I was safely away, and telling how she got up at midnight to check on Cedric, see if he was covered, and discovered he was gone! The parents took it terrible. Mrs. Van Elsom got sick and her husband informed the police he was going to pay the ransom I demanded, he'd take no chances with his child.

Up to this point it was all easy. I got all that wad of dough, without the police on my trail, and I decided to stache it and later leave the country. My terms to the father had been that we would return Cedric two days after I got the money and I was anxious to get rid of the kid—he was always whining and yelling. I think he was sick, too. But then I got fouled up. That nurse—Miss Nelson—came scurrying back from Scotland. Claire told me that the police took the old dame down to look at some photos. So I had to lay low for a while. When the cops picked me up, I still felt safe. The nurse picked out my picture as a suspicious character—but they couldn't prove a thing. I'd covered up my trail A-1. The cops though were really worried that the kid was dead—since I couldn't return him.

Even when they grilled me all night, I kept my head and gave away nothing.

They hammered at me: "Where did you take the boy from his home?"

"I didn't bring the boy anywhere from his home. I didn't have anything to do with the snatch," I said. "You can't pin anything on me."

"Was Benny your accomplice?"

"Let up, won't you!" I answered. "It wasn't me or Benny."

"Will you leave town after this?"

"Glad to, coppers. I'll go back to the West."

Meanwhile, although I had gotten a ransom worth a fortune, the boy was still in the hideout with the gang. They'd never let him go without orders from me. I grinned to myself when I thought of the dough waiting for me. They'd have to let me go soon. This caper of mine was the work of a genius, I had to admit. The dumb clucks are always getting caught, giving themselves away—but not me. No, sir!

It was no fault of mine when I finally got trapped.

Suddenly, the whole thing broke. I sat waiting to be let out of jail. They handed me the papers. The headlines screamed across the pages: KIDNAPPED BOY FOUND VERY ILL, HEARTLESS GANGSTER ALREADY BEHIND BARS. There was my name: Stony Hammond! I felt my head swim. I couldn't get it. How did they ever trace it to me? Was it Claire? I couldn't believe it.

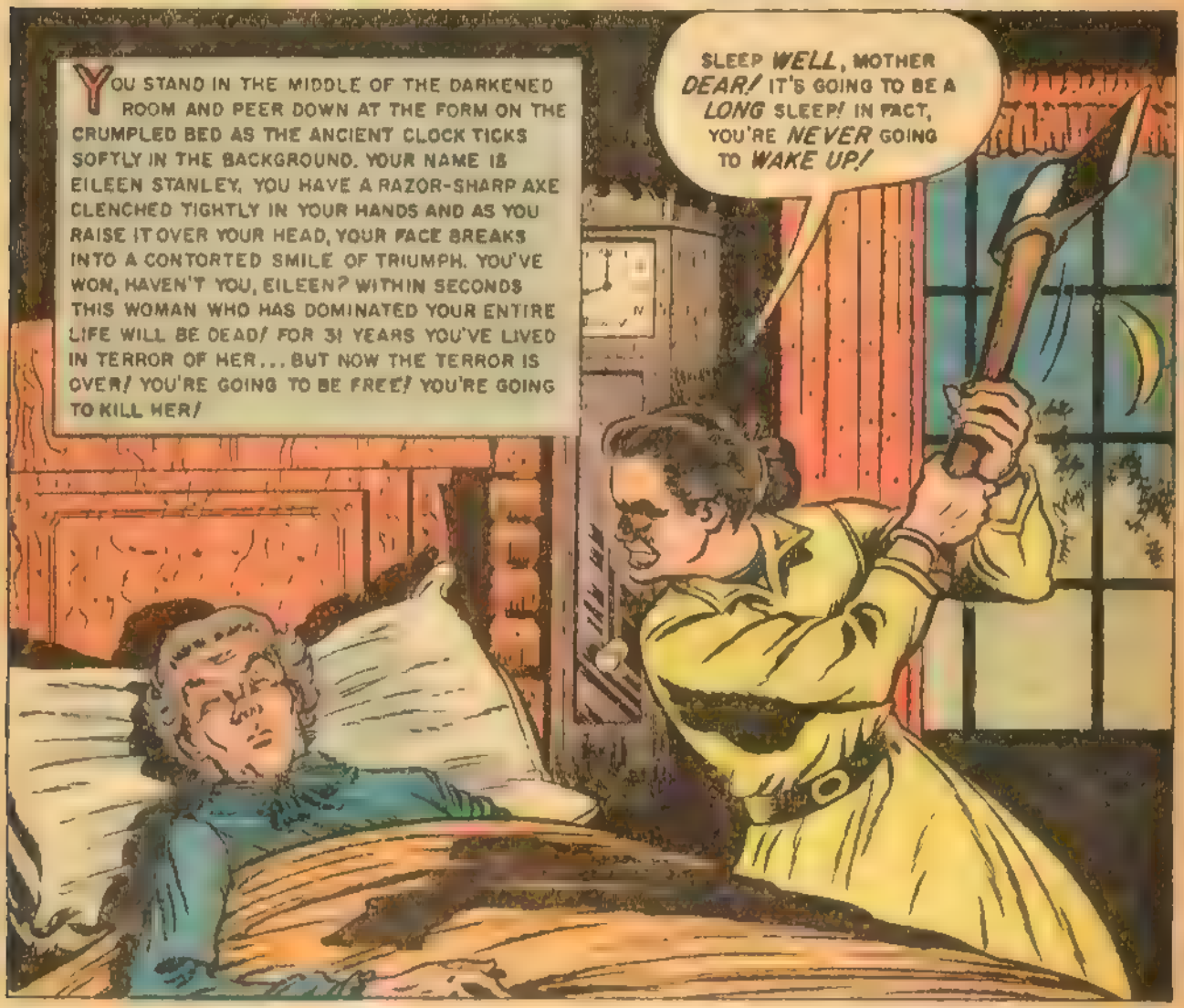
I got my wits together and read on. The cops played a trick on me. That's when I discovered what a smart maneuver it was. All the time they were grilling me a tape recorder was taking down everything I said. The thought occurred to me that the room might be wired, so I was careful with my answers. Thinking back, I knew I had said nothing to give a clue. But here's where the cops were clever—they had a brilliant engineer cut the tape and paste it together again so that they had a record of my voice saying just what they wanted me to say.

"Bring the boy home, Benny, alive. I got the dough. I'm going west." Then the cops attached the tape to my phone and played it whenever it rang. Benny called and heard the message in my voice. He couldn't understand why I had given such an order but he obeyed my instructions—and delivered the child to a lonely spot. Then the cops got him and Claire, too.

That's why I'm now in the death cell—waiting for the chair. That's the penalty for kidnapping.

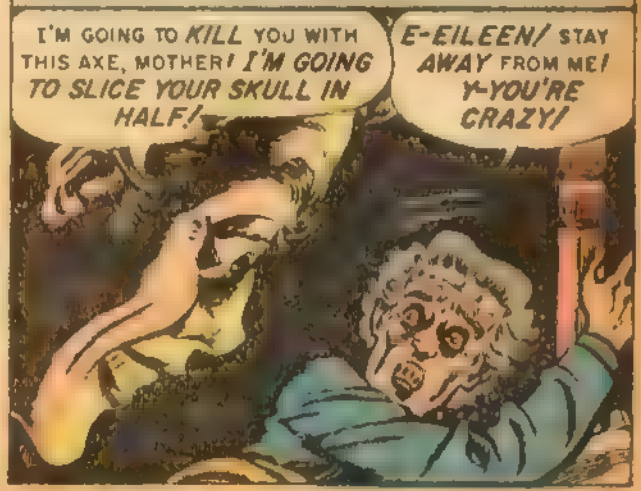
Well, I still say it was the perfect scheme—I just didn't count on such trickery with science—the cops sending a message in my own voice, that I never even said! They're not so dumb, are they?

TWO-OF-A-KIND!



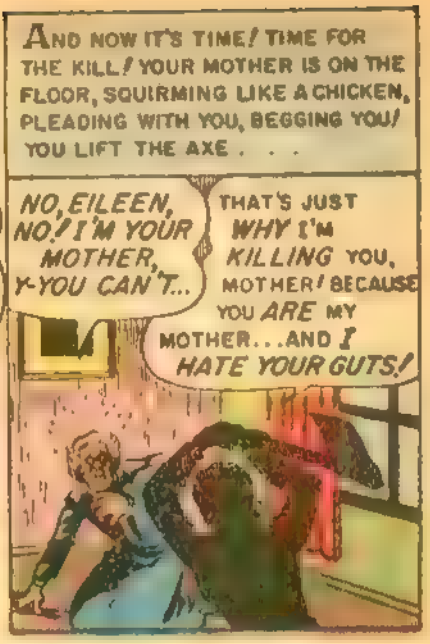
BUT SHE DOES AWAKEN, EILEEN! JUST AS YOU'RE READY TO BRING THE HEAVY AXE CRASHING DOWN ON HER HEAD, SHE STIRS AND LOOKS UP AT YOU . .

SHE LOOKS UP AT YOU, HER PALE BLUE EYES SUDDENLY CROWDED WITH FEAR AND APPREHENSION! THE HATRED OF 31 YEARS FILLS YOU AND AS YOU BRANDISH THE AXE YOU FEEL STRONG AND POWERFUL . .

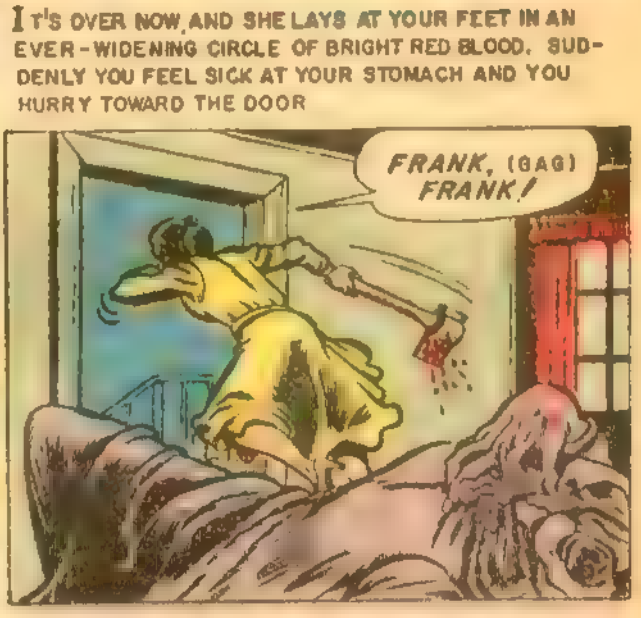


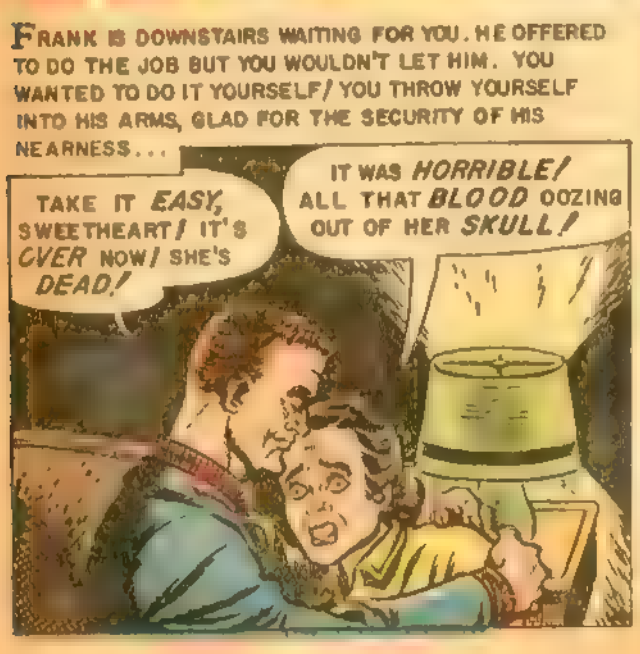
SHE BACKS AWAY INTO THE FURTHEST CORNER OF THE BED, CRINGING AND CRYING, BUT SHE CAN'T ESCAPE YOU, CAN SHE, EILEEN?
AND AFTER YOU'RE DEAD, FRANK AND I ARE GOING TO CUT YOU UP INTO LITTLE PIECES! AND THEN WE'RE GOING TO GET MARRIED!
F-FRANK? YOU AND FRANK...?

YOU ADVANCE NEARER AND NEARER AND SHE SCRAMBLES BACK, SHE FALLS OFF THE BED...
AGHHH!
YES, MOTHER, ME AND FRANK! YOU THOUGHT YOU'D BROKEN IT UP, THOUGHT YOU'D SCARED HIM OFF LIKE YOU DID ALL THE OTHERS. BUT YOU WERE WRONG! FRANK LOVES ME!


AND NOW IT'S TIME! TIME FOR THE KILL! YOUR MOTHER IS ON THE FLOOR, SQUIRMING LIKE A CHICKEN, PLEADING WITH YOU, BEGGING YOU! YOU LIFT THE AXE . . .
NO, EILEEN, NO! I'M YOUR MOTHER, Y-YOU CAN'T...
THAT'S JUST WHY I'M KILLING YOU, MOTHER! BECAUSE YOU ARE MY MOTHER...AND I HATE YOUR GUTS!

YOU BRING THE AXE DOWN WITH ALL YOUR MIGHT. AND AS ITS BLADE SINKS INTO HER SOFT SKULL, YOU LAUGH!
NO, PLEASE... YAHHHHHHH
HAHAHAHAHA! I'VE WANTED TO DO THIS ALL MY LIFE!


IT'S OVER NOW, AND SHE LAYS AT YOUR FEET IN AN EVER-WIDENING CIRCLE OF BRIGHT RED BLOOD. SUDDENLY YOU FEEL SICK AT YOUR STOMACH AND YOU HURRY TOWARD THE DOOR
FRANK, (GAG) FRANK!


FRANK IS DOWNSTAIRS WAITING FOR YOU. HE OFFERED TO DO THE JOB BUT YOU WOULDN'T LET HIM. YOU WANTED TO DO IT YOURSELF! YOU THROW YOURSELF INTO HIS ARMS, GLAD FOR THE SECURITY OF HIS NEARNESS...
TAKE IT EASY, SWEETHEART! IT'S OVER NOW! SHE'S DEAD!
IT WAS HORRIBLE! ALL THAT BLOOD OOZING OUT OF HER SKULL!

BUT AS FRANK COOS SOFT WORDS OF LOVE INTO YOUR EAR YOU FORGET THE SHOCK OF KILLING YOUR MOTHER. YOU CLING TO HIM, GRATEFUL FOR HIS LOVE, HIS TENDERNESS...
I'M GLAD SHE'S DEAD, DARLING! GLAD! WE'RE FREE NOW!
THAT'S RIGHT, HONEY... FREE AND $100,000 RICHER!

FRANK LEADS YOU GENTLY TOWARD A CHAIR AND THEN PICKS UP THE AXE AND STARTS UP THE STAIRS..

YOU JUST SIT THERE AND *RELAX* WHILE I *FINISH* THE JOB, BABY! I'LL HAVE THE OLD GIRL *HACKED UP* IN NO TIME!

A-ALL RIGHT, DARLING!

YOU LIGHT A CIGARETTE AND LEAN BACK IN THE CHAIR, YOUR MIND WANDERING BACK TO YOUR LIFE WITH YOUR MOTHER. THINGS WEREN'T TOO BAD UNTIL YOUR FATHER DIED. REMEMBER, EILEEN, YOU WERE 12 YEARS OLD THEN...

D-DON'T *EVER* LEAVE ME,(SOB) BABY, YOU'RE *ALL* (SOB) I'VE GOT LEFT! PROMISE ME, EILEEN, *PROMISE ME!*

I PROMISE, MOTHER!

YOU DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE PROMISING AWAY YOUR LIFE, DID YOU? IT WAS ON THE NIGHT OF YOUR SIXTEENTH BIRTHDAY THAT YOU GOT THE FIRST HINT...

GEE, EILEEN, YOU'RE SO *SWEET!* I...

STOP IT! STOP IT THIS INSTANT! GET OUT OF HERE, YOUNG MAN!

BUT, MOTHER..

YES, THAT WAS HOW SHE WORKED IT, WASN'T IT, EILEEN? SHE FRIGHTENED AWAY YOUR BOYFRIENDS, OR IF THAT DIDN'T SUCCEED, SHE THREATENED THEM AWAY. REMEMBER BOBBY HARRIS, THE FIRST BOY YOU EVER LOVED...

MRS. STANLEY, I LOVE EILEEN I WANT TO *MARRY* HER!

PLEASE, MOTHER, GIVE US YOUR *APPROVAL!* I—I LOVE HIM *SO* MUCH!

NONSENSE! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO MARRY *ANYONE*, EILEEN! YOU BELONG TO *ME!* AND AS FOR YOU, MR. HARRIS, I ADVISE YOU TO *FORGET* MY DAUGHTER... *IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU!*

W-WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

AS SHE TALKED YOU AND BOBBY LISTENED IN HORROR! YOU COULDN'T BELIEVE SHE COULD BE SO CRUEL...

I HAD A *FEELING* YOU WERE GOING TO TRY SOMETHING *IDIOTIC* LIKE THIS...SO I BOUGHT THE *MORTGAGE* TO YOUR *FATHER'S* HOUSE! IF YOU ATTEMPT TO MARRY EILEEN, I'LL *FORECLOSE!* I'LL THROW YOUR WHOLE FAMILY OUT ONTO THE *STREET!*

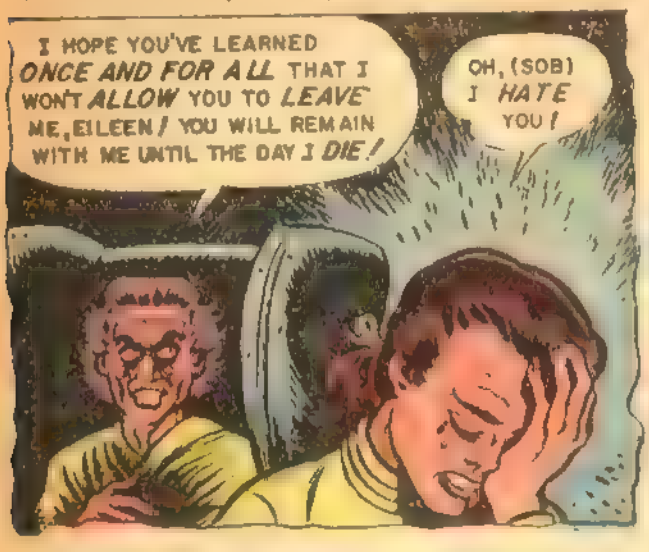
FOR A MOMENT NO ONE SPOKE, BUT THEN, AS YOUR MOTHER KNEW HE WOULD, BOBBY TURNED AND WALKED TOWARD THE DOOR, HIS HEAD BOWED IN MISERY.

I..I'M *SORRY*, EILEEN! GOOD-BYE!

BOBBY! NO! DON'T LET HER DO IT! *I DON'T...*

DON'T BE A *FOOL*, EILEEN! THE BOY HAS *NO CHOICE!*

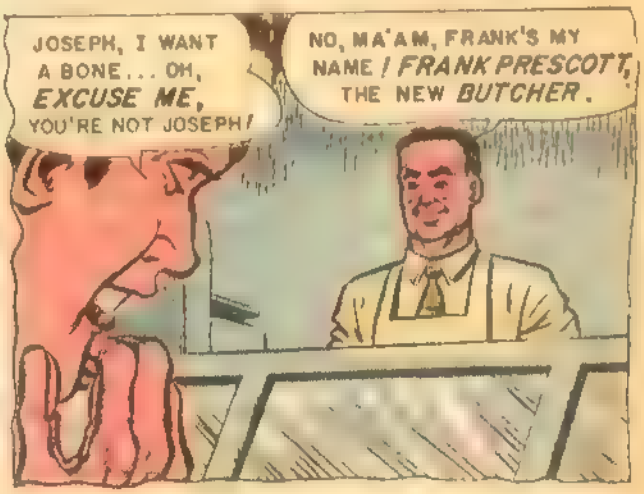
YOU BROKE DOWN AND SOBBED AFTER HE LEFT. SHE HAD WON AGAIN! SHE SAT WATCHING YOU COLDLY, STROKING NATHAN, THE DOG, AND THEN SHE SPOKE..



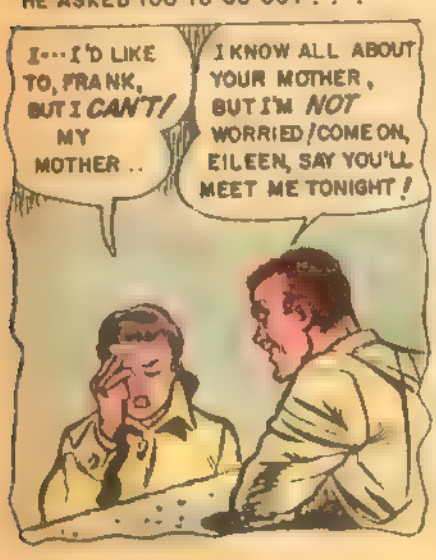
YOU WERE 22 YEARS OLD THEN AND FOR EIGHT YEARS YOU DID WHAT SHE WANTED. YOU NEVER WENT OUT, NEVER DATED, NEVER DID ANYTHING BUT CATER TO HER SELFISH DEMANDS..

THE ONLY TIME YOU WERE ALONE WAS WHEN YOU HAD TO TAKE NATHAN FOR A WALK. YOU HATED THE DOG ALMOST AS MUCH AS YOU HATED HER..

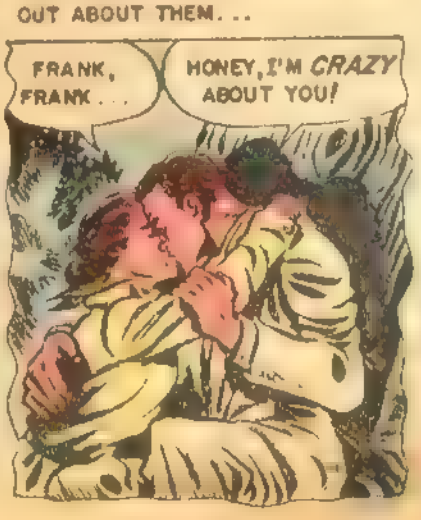
BUT IT WAS THROUGH NATHAN THAT A WEEK AFTER YOUR THIRTIETH BIRTHDAY YOU MET FRANK. YOU WALKED INTO THE LOCAL BUTCHER SHOP TO GET THE DOG A BONE AND FRANK WAS BEHIND THE COUNTER..



YOU SAW FRANK EVERYDAY AT THE BUTCHER SHOP AND A MONTH LATER HE ASKED YOU TO GO OUT . . .



YOU WERE TERRIFIED, BUT YOU AGREED TO MEET HIM! YOUR CLANDESTINE DATES LASTED ALMOST A YEAR BEFORE YOUR MOTHER FOUND OUT ABOUT THEM...



BUT EVEN WHEN YOU NESTLED IN HIS ARMS, YOU WERE AFRAID OF HER, AFRAID SHE'D TAKE FRANK FROM YOU AS SHE HAD THE OTHER MEN YOU'D LOVED...

BUT THE BRIDGE HAD TO BE CROSSED SOONER THAN YOU AND FRANK HAD COUNTED ON! THREE DAYS LATER HE CALLED TO TELL YOU HE'D BEEN FIRED; THAT HE COULDN'T GET ANOTHER JOB ANYWHERE IN TOWN! YOU SOBBED INTO THE PHONE...

...AND (SOB) NOW YOU'LL *LEAVE* ME! SHE'S DONE IT *AGAIN*!

YOU'RE *WRONG*, HONEY! I'M *NOT* LEAVING! I'VE GOT A *PLAN*...

YOU FINISH YOUR CIGARETTE AND THOUGHTFULLY GRIND IT OUT! THIS WAS FRANK'S PLAN: TO KILL YOUR MOTHER! YOU SMILE AS YOU HEAR HIM UPSTAIRS FINISHING THE JOB... IT'S ALMOST OVER...

BY *TOMORROW* FRANK AND I WILL BE ON A BOAT FOR *EUROPE*! AND AS FOR YOU, *NATHAN*, YOU OLD *DEVIL*, YOU'LL BE AS *DEAD* AS *SHE* IS!

GRRRRRRR!

THE DOG'S LOW GROWL MAKES YOU NERVOUS AND YOU MAKE YOUR WAY UP TO YOUR MOTHER'S ROOM. FRANK IS IN THE BATHROOM AND ONCE AGAIN YOU FEEL A WAVE OF NAUSEA AS YOU VIEW THE REMAINS OF HER BODY...

Y-YOU (GAG) ALMOST THROUGH, HONEY?

YEAH, BUT YOU BETTER NOT. COME IN FOR A MINUTE! I'M A *BUTCHER*, AND IT'S EVEN MAKING ME A LITTLE *SICK*!

BUT SOME STRANGE FASCINATION PULLS YOU INSIDE THE DOOR! YOU WANT TO SEE HER...

I'M GLAD, *GLAD*!

SURE, HONEY, I KNOW YOU ARE! NOW LISTEN, YOU'LL HAVE TO *HELP* ME. I'M WRAPPING *EACH PIECE* IN A *TOWEL* SO SHE DOESN'T DRIP *BLOOD* ON THE CARPET WHEN WE CARRY HER DOWNSTAIRS! YOU GET THE *SHOVEL* READY AND I'LL MEET YOU OUTSIDE!

MINUTES LATER YOU AND FRANK ARE BURYING YOUR MOTHER'S BODY ALL OVER THE BACK YARD...

THIS HOLE IS *FINE* FOR HER *HEAD*! WE'LL PUT THE *ARMS* UNDER THE TREE AND HER *LEGS* BY THE FENCE!

YOU WERE RIGHT, FRANK... IT'S BETTER TO BURY *PIECES* THAN ONE WHOLE *BODY*! A LARGE, FRESHLY SHOVELED PLOT WOULD LOOK SUSPICIOUS!

AND THEN AT LAST, IT'S OVER! YOU AND FRANK RETURN TO THE HOUSE AND CLEAN UP ALL TRACES OF THE BLOOD! THE AXE IS WASHED AND RETURNED TO THE CELLAR. NOW THERE'S JUST ONE LAST THING TO ATTEND TO...

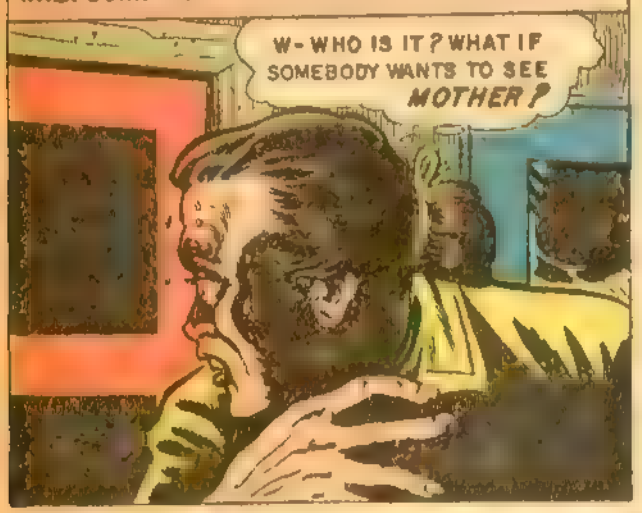
NATHAN! WE CAN'T FORGET ABOUT HIM, DARLING!

DON'T WORRY, SUGAR! WHILE YOU'RE PACKING, I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM! HE'S *HUNGRY*... AND EVEN *POISONED FOOD* WILL TASTE *GOOD*!

YOUR HEART IS SINGING AS YOU START TO PACK! EVERYBODY IN TOWN THINKS YOU AND YOUR MOTHER ARE LEAVING FOR EUROPE IN THE MORNING.. AND WHEN YOU WRITE THEM IN A MONTH OR TWO AND TELL THEM SHE DIED OF A HEART ATTACK, WHO WILL DOUBT YOU?

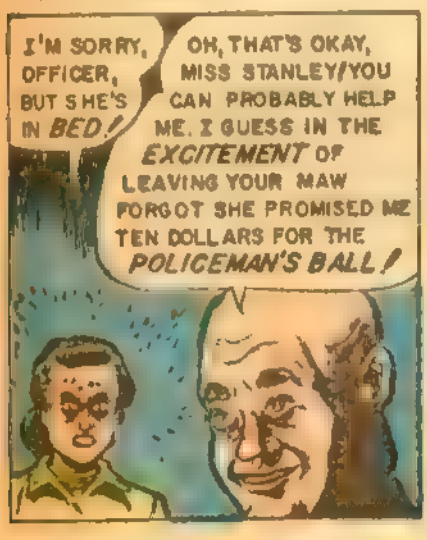
IT'S FOOLPROOF! *ABSOLUTELY FOOLPROOF*!

BUT IF IT'S FOOLPROOF WHY ARE YOU SO ALARMED WHEN THE FRONT DOORBELL RINGS? WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF, EILEEN? YOUR HEART POUNDS AS YOU WALK DOWN THE STAIRS AND NEAR THE DOOR...



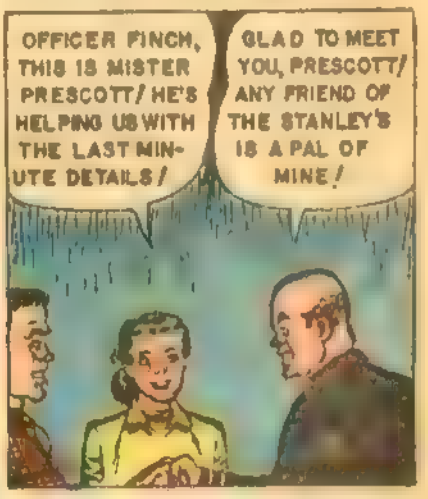
WHEN YOU SWING THE DOOR OPEN AND CATCH THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE BLUE UNIFORM AND THE SHINY GOLD BADGE YOU THINK YOURE GOING TO FAINT...

HE STEPS INSIDE THE DOOR AND YOU FIGHT DESPERATELY TO KEEP HOLD OF YOURSELF..

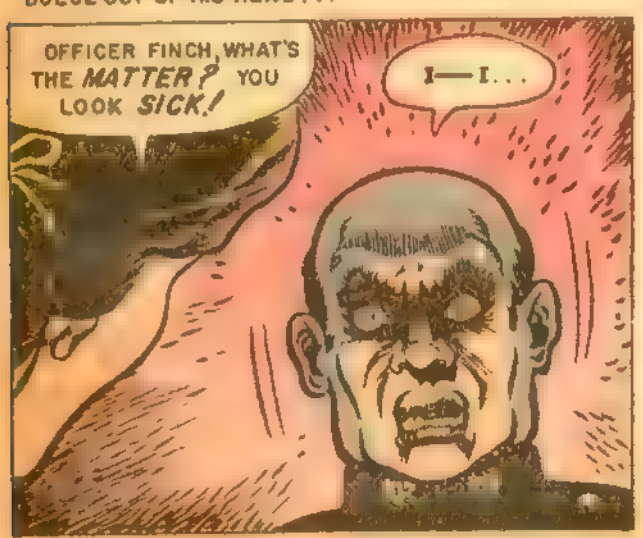


RELIEF FLOODS OVER YOU AND FOR A MOMENT YOU FEEL LIKE GIGGLING! HE DOESN'T SUSPECT A THING! YOU GET YOUR PURSE AND HAND HIM THE MONEY JUST AS FRANK WALKS IN THE DOOR...

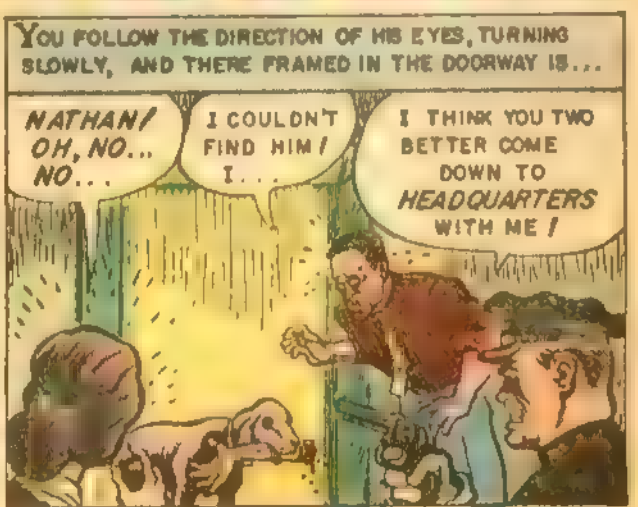
BUT EVEN FRANK'S UNEXPECTED APPEARANCE DOESN'T DISTURB YOU! CALMLY, WITH A TOUCH OF AMUSEMENT, YOU INTRODUCE THEM...



THE THREE OF YOU STAND CHATTING FOR A MOMENT. BUT THEN YOU SEE FINCH'S JAW DROP, AND HIS EYES BULGE OUT OF HIS HEAD...



YOU FOLLOW THE DIRECTION OF HIS EYES, TURNING SLOWLY, AND THERE FRAMED IN THE DOORWAY IS...



FINCH PULLS OUT HIS SERVICE REVOLVER AND YOU KNOW YOU'RE TRAPPED, DON'T YOU, EILEEN/YOUR MOTHER'S DOG RUINED YOUR PERFECT SCHEME. YES, THE [illegible] WOMAN HAS WON AGAIN!

In 10 Minutes of FUN a day I changed myself

Now, Buddy YOU

Mail the Coupon below as I did! May be LAST CHANCE before $1 price goes back!

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You can add 10 inches to your CHEST 6 inches to each ARM and the rest in proportion as I did.

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Besides getting ALL 5 Courses (pictured on this page) FREE you'll ALSO get FREE a big BOOK of PHOTOS of STRONG MEN and BOYS who were WEAKLINGS like you BEFORE mailing coupon.

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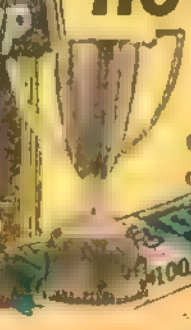
THIS THRILLING BOOK WILL ALSO TELL YOU

HOW YOU CAN WIN A BIG 15" TALL SILVER CUP as I just did and how to WIN $100.



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You must be at least 25 years old to borrow by mail from State Finance.

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THE THIEF!

THE COMMERCE BUILDING IS LOCATED IN THE CENTER OF NEW YORK'S WEALTHY WALL STREET DISTRICT. BY DAY, IT'S OFFICES AND CORRIDORS ARE FILLED WITH THE ACTIVITY OF BUSY MEN AND WOMEN. BY NIGHT, IT SITS SILENTLY, IT'S MASSIVE CONCRETE STRUCTURE LOOMING UP INTO THE MANHATTAN SKYLINE. BUT ON THIS NIGHT, ALL IS NOT SILENT WITHIN THE COMMERCE BUILDING! IN ROOM 808, THE BEAM OF A FLASHLIGHT BREAKS THE DARKNESS AND A MUFFLED SERIES OF CLICKS PRECEDE THE OPENING OF A SAFE. A MAN SITS ON THE FLOOR, HIS HEART POUNDING AND HIS HANDS TREMBLING AS HE DIALS THE COMBINATION. HIS NAME IS ROGER CROWN. HE IS A THIEF!

27...84...79...13...5... THAT SHOULD DO IT! FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, AND IT'S ALL MINE! MINE! I'LL SHOW THEM... I'LL SHOW EVERYBODY!

808

THE HEAVY DOOR OF THE SAFE SWINGS OPEN AND ROGER CROWN'S SMALL PIG-LIKE EYES WATER WITH GREED AS HE SEES THE LARGE STACKS OF GREEN BILLS INSIDE...

LOOK AT THEM! THEY'LL BUY ANYTHING I WANT! SO I'M A COWARD EH? SO I HAVEN'T ANY IMAGINATION, EH? HA!

HIS FAT LITTLE FINGERS GRASP HOLD OF THE BILLS AND ONE BY ONE HE STASHES THE NEATLY PACKAGED STACKS INTO AN OPEN BAG. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS 55 YEARS ROGER CROWN FEELS STRONG, POWERFUL...

I CAN GO ANYWHERE... DO ANYTHING! THEY THOUGHT COULD SHOVE ME AROUND... BUT THEY WERE WRONG! ROGER CROWN IS A MAN TO BE RECKONED WITH!

BUT LET'S GO BACK TO THIS MORNING WHERE PROMPTLY AT NINE O'CLOCK, AS HE HAD DONE FOR THE PAST 25 YEARS, ROGER CROWN ARRIVED AT THE BROKERAGE OFFICES OF LAYTON AND LAYTON...
'MORNING, MR. CROWN! SURE IS A PRETTY DAY, ISN'T IT! I SAW THE BIRDS IN THE PARK STARTING TO...
GOOD MORNING, MISS KENNEDY
LAYTON & LAYTON
ROGER WAS A MAN OF VERY FEW WORDS HE WAS AN ACCOUNTANT AND HE BELIEVED THAT AN OFFICE WAS A PLACE FOR WORK, NOT SILLY CONVERSATION! HE WALKED TO HIS DESK, REMOVED HIS COAT AND HAT AND BY THREE MINUTES AFTER NINE HE WAS BUSILY AT WORK...
HA, HA! THAT'S A GOOD ONE, JOE, BUT HAVE YOU HEARD THE ONE ABOUT...
DISGUSTING! WASTING TIME LIKE THAT! THEY SHOULD BE AT WORK!
LEDGER
ROGER THOUGHT OF HIMSELF AS A PERFECT EMPLOYEE! IN HIS 25 YEARS AT LAYTON AND LAYTON HE HAD NEVER BEEN ABSENT A DAY NOR LATE! HIS RECORDS WERE PRECISE AND ALWAYS ACCURATE DOWN TO THE LAST PENNY...
NOW, LET'S SEE, BETTER CREDIT THIS...
HEY, MR. CROWN, LAYTON JR. WANTS TO SEE YOU IN HIS OFFICE!
ROGER SMILED WITH PLEASURE AS HE WALKED TOWARD THEODORE LAYTON JR.'S OFFICE. HE'D BEEN EXPECTING THIS FOR OVER A WEEK: A BIG RAISE TO CELEBRATE HIS 25TH YEAR WITH THE FIRM...
YES SIR YOU WANTED TO SEE ME?
COME IN, CROWN! THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT!
THEODORE LAYTON JR. VICE PRES
ROGER SAT DOWN OPPOSITE THE BOSS'S SON: THIS WAS IT, THE DAY WHEN HIS 25 YEARS OF LOYAL SERVICE TO LAYTON AND LAYTON WOULD FINALLY PAY OFF...
HERE, OLD MAN, HAVE A CIGAR! NOW, EH, ABOUT YOUR JOB, CROWN! I'VE BEEN LOOKING OVER YOUR RECORD AND I SEE YOU'VE BEEN WITH US 25 YEARS! YOU, OF COURSE, KNOW OUR POLICY ABOUT OLD EMPLOYEES?
YES, SIR, I DO!
WELL, THAT POLICY HAS BEEN CHANGED, CROWN! SINCE MY FATHER'S RETIREMENT LAST MONTH, I'M MAKING NEW POLICIES! YOU'VE BEEN IN ONE JOB TOO LONG, CROWN! YOU'RE UNIMAGINATIVE! YOU'VE GOT NO FIRE!
B—SIR?..?
ROGER BLINKED AND COUGHED IN DISBELIEF: HE WAS BEING FIRED!
WHAT I'M SAYING IS I WANT YOUNGER MEN IN THE FIRM, CROWN! MEN WITH SPIRIT! I'M SORRY, BUT I'M GOING TO HAVE TO LET YOU GO! OF COURSE, I'LL SEE YOU GET A SMALL PENSION, BUT...
Y-YOU'RE FIRING ME...?
2

HE ACTED LIKE A MAN IN A DREAM AS HE LEFT LAYTON JR.'S OFFICE AND HE WALKED BACK TO HIS DESK. HE CLOSED HIS BOOKS, PUT ON HIS HAT AND COAT AND STARTED FOR THE DOOR...

SAY MR. CROWN, ABOUT THAT FRANKLIN ACCOUNT, I... HEY, MR. CROWN...

FIRED! H-HE FIRED ME AFTER ALL THESE YEARS...

DAZED HE WALKED THROUGH THE WALL STREET AREA, NOT KNOWING WHERE TO GO OR WHAT TO DO...

M-MAYBE IF I SPOKE TO LAYTON SR., CALLED HIM AND TOLD HIM WHAT HIS SON HAD DONE! MAYBE HE'D...NO THAT'S NO GOOD HE WON'T CARE! HE'S RETIRED!

P.D.

BUS STOP

THE THOUGHT OF GETTING A NEW JOB WAS INCOMPREHENSIBLE: LAYTON AND LAYTON HAD BEEN HIS WHOLE LIFE. HE COULDN'T WORK FOR ANYONE ELSE! AS HE WALKED HIS DISBELIEVING SHOCK TURNED TO BITTERNESS AND SUDDENLY HE WAS STANDING BEFORE THE COMMERCE BUILDING SHAKING HIS FIST IN WILD RAGE...

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! YOU CAN'T!

LOOK AT THE OLD GUY!

HE RETURNED TO HIS LONELY FURN. SHED ROOM ON MANHATTAN'S WEST SIDE AND PEERED OUT OF THE WINDOW, HIS TORTURED BRAIN SLOWLY FORMULATING A PLAN OF REVENGE...

WHY NOT? WHY NOT, INDEED! THEY OWE IT TO ME! AND IT WOULD BE SO SIMPLE, SO EASY! I'LL DO IT!

AT FIVE O'CLOCK THE DOORS OF THE COMMERCE BUILDING OVER-FLOWED WITH MEN AND WOMEN LEAVING WORK AND STARTING FOR HOME. BY EIGHT O'CLOCK THE BUILDING WAS EMPTY, EXCEPT FOR THE NIGHT WATCHMAN... AND A FIGURE HIDING IN THE SHADOWS ON THE EIGHTH FLOOR...

LAYTON & LAYTON

DURING HIS MANY YEARS WITH LAYTON AND LAYTON, ROGER HAD OFTEN WORKED OVERTIME AND FOR THIS REASON POSSESSED A KEY TO THE FRONT DOOR. HE LET HIMSELF IN QUIETLY...

THE CLEANING WOMEN DON'T START ON THIS BUILDING UNTIL AFTER TEN SO I'VE GOT PLENTY OF TIME!

808

HE KNEW THE INSIDE OF THE OFFICE BETTER THAN HE KNEW THE PALM OF HIS OWN HAND: WITHOUT HESITATION HE MADE HIS WAY TO THE ADJOINING ROOM WHERE THE COMPANY SAFE LOOMED UP IN THE SHADOWS...

THERE SHE SITS JUST WAITING FOR ME! THAT'S MY BABY!

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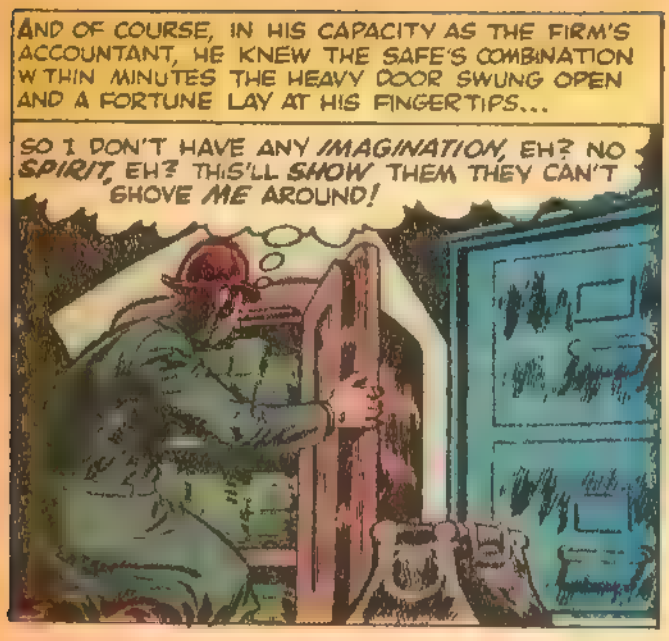
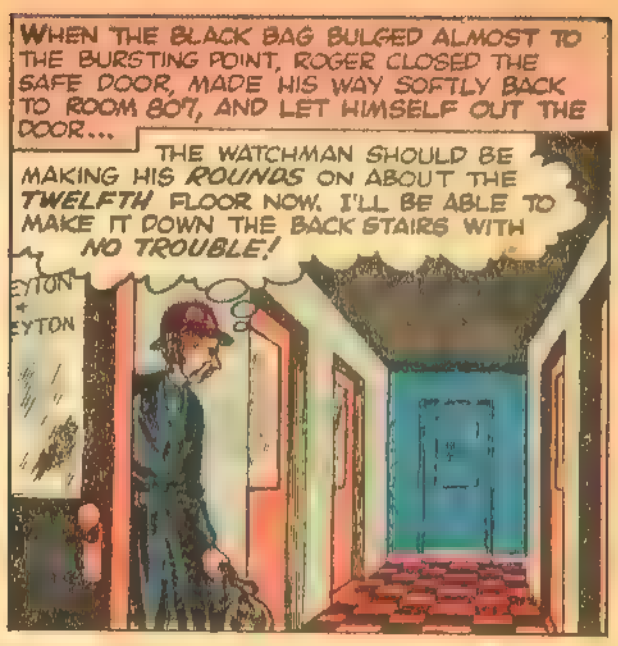
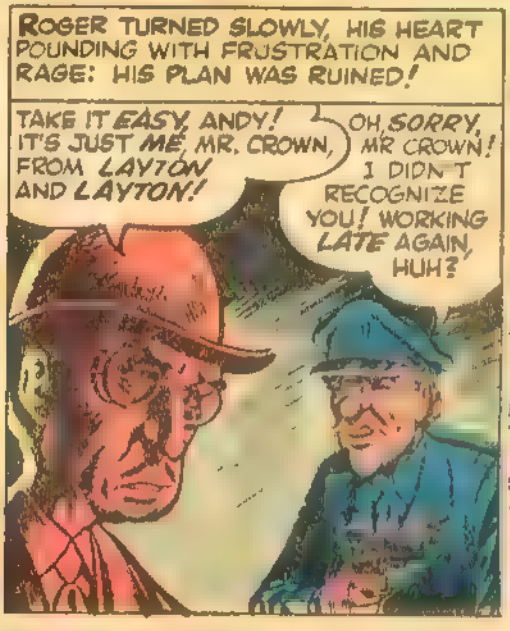
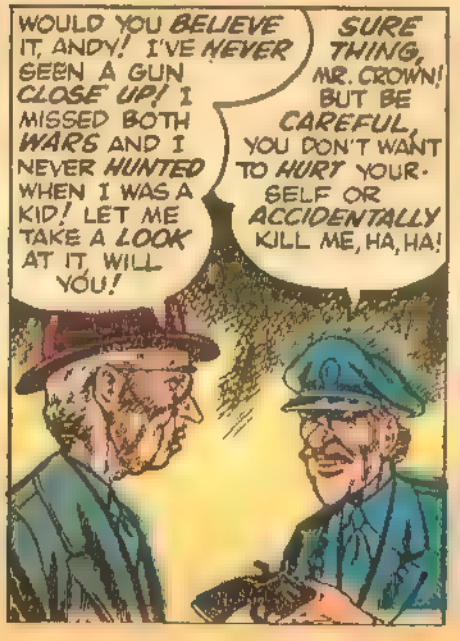






ROGER'S MIND RACED AS HE STOOD THERE: SHOULD HE RETURN THE MONEY AND TRY THE PLAN ANOTHER NIGHT? NO! HE HAD IT NOW: IT WAS HIS! HE WAS DETERMINED TO KEEP IT' BUT HE COULDN'T CONTINJE AS HE D PLANNED: THE WATCHMAN WOULD REPORT SEEING HIM! OBVIOUSLY, THERE WAS ONLY ONE SOLUTION...



BUT EVEN AS ROGER'S FINGER TIGHTENED AROUND THE TRIGGER, THE OLD NIGHT WATCHMAN DIDN'T BELIEVE IT WAS REALLY GOING TO HAPPEN: HE DIED PROTESTING AND BEWILDERED...

I'M *NOT* KIDDING, ANDY, I'M *DEADLY* SERIOUS!

YOU BETTER GIVE ME THE GUN CRO....*AGHRRRRRR!*

BLAM!

BAM!

AND NOW HE WAS IN THE CLEAR! WITH ANDY DEAD, NO ONE COULD TESTIFY HAVING SEEN HIM IN THE COMMERCE BUILDING. HE SHOVED THE GUN INTO THE BLACK BAG AND DARTED DOWN THE STAIRS. HE USED THE DELIVERY ENTRANCE TO LEAVE THE BUILDING...

CAN'T RUN NOW, HAVE TO WALK *SLOWLY*, LIKE A MAN WITHOUT A *WORRY* IN THE WORLD!

HE FORCED HIMSELF TO WALK LEISURELY TO THE SUBWAY, BOARD AN UPTOWN TRAIN AND EVEN CASUALLY READ A NEWSPAPER DURING THE TWENTY MINUTE RIDE...

JUST ANOTHER FEW MINUTES AND I'LL BE HOME...GOT TO KEEP HOLD OF MYSELF... GOT TO ACT LIKE EVERYTHING'S PERFECTLY NORMAL...

LUCK WAS WITH HIM. WHEN HE ENTERED HIS ROOMING HOUSE THERE WAS NO ONE IN THE COMMUNITY LIVING ROOM OR ON THE STEPS...NO ONE SAW HIM ENTER!

I MADE IT! I MADE IT!

HE LOCKED THE DOOR OF HIS ROOM AND SAT DOWN AT THE TABLE, THE BLACK BAG OPEN BEFORE HIM: IT TOOK HIM OVER AN HOUR TO COUNT THE MONEY...

$51,195! MINE, ALL MINE!

HE WALKED TO THE WINDOW AND PEERED OUT AT THE MANHATTAN SKYLINE, HIS BREATH COMING HARD AND FAST! NO LONGER WOULD HE BE JUST ONE OF THE MASSES...NOW HE WAS A SOMEBODY! A MAN WITH $51,195!

YOU'RE *MY* CITY NOW! I CAN DO *ANYTHING* I WANT... GO *ANYWHERE!*

HE SAW THE LARGE BLACK CADILLAC TURN THE CORNER AND HEAD DOWN HIS STREET: HE SMILED AS HE WATCHED IT: MAYBE HE'D BUY ONE JUST FOR FUN! IT SLOWED AS IT PULLED EVEN WITH HIS HOUSE AND THEN STOPPED.

SURE, WHY *NOT* HAVE A BIG CAR! I CAN AFFORD... *HEY!* G-GETTING OUT OF THAT CAR... THE *LAYTONS!*

YES, THE STREET LIGHTS SHOWED THEIR FACES CLEARLY: THERE WAS NO DOUBT, NO QUESTION! THEODORE LAYTON SR. AND THEODORE LAYTON JR. WERE ON THEIR WAY TO ROGER'S ROOM...

T-THEY KNOW! THAT'S WHY THEY'RE HERE! THEY'VE COME TO ACCUSE ME!

HE RAN AROUND THE ROOM FRANTICALLY. BUT THERE WAS NO PLACE TO RUN, NO PLACE TO HIDE. HE WAS TRAPPED...

WHAT'LL I DO? THERE'S NO TIME, THE MONEY'S OUT ON THE TABLE... OH, NO, IT CAN'T END THIS WAY! IT CAN'T!

HE COULD HEAR THEIR STEPS ON THE STAIRWAY, HEAR THEIR VOICES TALKING SOFTLY... AND THEN HE SAW IT! THE GUN HE'D KILLED THE WATCHMAN WITH WAS LYING ON THE TABLE...

I WON'T GO TO JAIL! I'D RATHER DIE!

HIS HAND TREMBLED AS HE BROUGHT THE REVOLVER UP TO HIS TEMPLE... BUT HE HATED THE IDEA OF JAIL MORE THAN HE HATED DYING...

I-IT WON'T HURT ...I WON'T FEEL ANYTHING I-IT'LL JUST TAKE A SECOND!

THE LAYTON'S WERE KNOCKING ON HIS DOOR WHEN THE SHOT WENT OFF...

GOOD HEAVENS! THAT-- THAT WAS A SHOT DAD!!

BLAAASST!

LAYTON JR. BROKE DOWN THE DOOR AND THEY FOUND HIM ON THE FLOOR, BLOOD STREAMING FROM HIS HEAD! HE WAS QUITE DEAD...

H-HE KILLED HIMSELF!

YES... AND IT'S YOUR FAULT! YOU AND YOUR "NEW POLICIES!" HE WAS HEARTBROKEN BECAUSE YOU FIRED HIM! YOU YOUNG FOOL! LAYTON AND LAYTON MEANT EVERYTHING TO CROWN... AND NOW HE'S KILLED HIMSELF BEFORE I COULD TELL HIM HE WAS REHIRED! AT A RAISE!

IT WASN'T UNTIL THEY TURNED TO LEAVE THAT THEY SAW THE MONEY SCATTERED ALL OVER THE TABLE: FATHER AND SON LOOKED AT ONE ANOTHER, THEIR EYES BLINKING WITH CONFUSION..

WHAT TH---??????

HOLY COW! BUT HOW.. WHERE... ?????

THE END

new figure mold HIDE-A-WAIST

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How I foxed the Navy

by Arthur Godfrey

The Navy almost scuttled me. I shudder to think of it. My crazy career could have ended right there. Who knows, I might still be bumming Chesterfields instead of selling them.

To be scuttled by the Navy you've either got to do something wrong or neglect to do something right. They've got you both ways. For my part, I neglected to finish high school.

Ordinarily, a man can get along without a high school diploma. Plenty of men have. But not in the Navy. At least not in the U. S. Navy Materiel School at Bellevue, D. C., back in 1929. In those days a bluejacket had to have a mind like Einstein's. And I didn't.

"Godfrey," said the lieutenant a few days after I'd checked in, "either you learn mathematics and learn it *fast* or out you go. I'll give you six weeks." This, I figured, was it. For a guy who had to take off his shoes to count above ten, it was an impossible assignment.

I was ready to turn in my bell-bottoms. But an ad in a magazine stopped me. Here, it said, is your chance to get special training in almost any subject—mathematics included. I hopped on it. Within a week I was enrolled with the International Correspondence Schools studying algebra, geometry and trig for all I was worth.

Came week-end liberty, I studied. Came a holiday, I studied. Came the end of the six weeks, I was top man in the class. Within six weeks I had mastered two years of high school math, thanks to the training I'd gotten.

I.C.S. made the impossible—easy!

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